

No. 25

64
PAGES
OF
ACTION!

MARCH, 1939

Detective COMICS

U. S. Pat. Off.

10¢



DETECTIVE PUZZLES



TRY TO FIND 4
WATCHDOGS
IN THIS PICTURE.



BY TAKING THE INITIAL LETTERS
OF THE SIX OBJECTS SHOWN
ABOVE AND THEN REARRANG-
ING THEM WE CAN SPELL THE NAME OF
A VEGETABLE. CAN YOU DO IT?



TEACHER WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU
READ THE ABOVE PICTURES
FROM LEFT TO RIGHT TO
SEE IF YOU CAN FORM
A CERTAIN REBUS
SENTENCE.

STUDY THE PIC-
TURES VERY
CAREFULLY

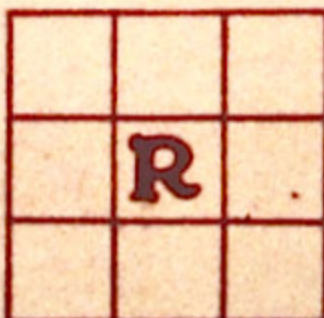


LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE

A·A·E·E
M·O·T·P

CAN YOU WRITE
ONE OF EACH OF THE
ABOVE LETTERS
IN EACH EMPTY
SQUARE AND—

—ARRANGE THEM
SO THEY WILL FORM
SIX THREE-LETTER
WORDS, THREE READ-
ING ACROSS AND
THREE READING
DOWNWARD? USE
THE 'R' AS SHOWN.



CAN YOU
REARRANGE
EACH GROUP
OF LETTERS
TO SPELL A
FLOWER?

- 1 I CALL
- 2 YA DIS
- 3 RICH DO
- 4 SNAPY
- 5 TO LIVE



- FIRST NAME
- 1 OHDRAW
 - 2 RMONDAY
 - 3 RACECLEN

- LAST NAME
- NOSEJ
 - WONBR
 - RLIMEL

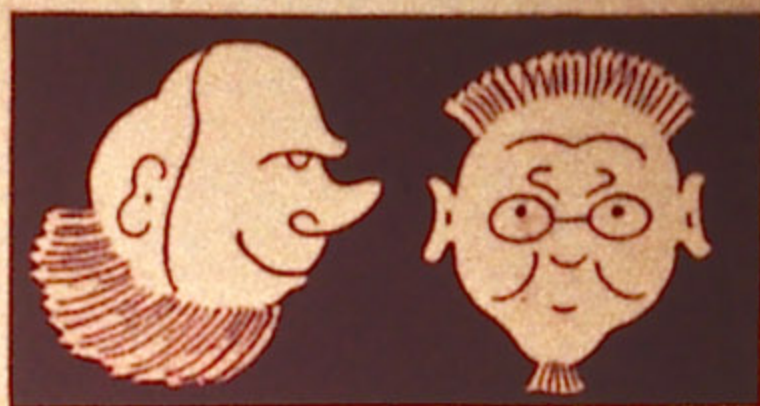


BE A CLEVER G-BOY JUST LIKE
OUR FRIEND DICK SHARP.
HE REARRANGED THE THREE GROUPS
OF LETTERS SHOWN ABOVE TO PRO-
DUCE THE FIRST AND LAST NAMES
OF THREE MYSTERIOUS COUNTERFEIT-
ERS... LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN DO
LIKEWISE.



TWO DIFFERENT
WORDS THAT
ARE SPELLED WITH
THE SAME FOUR
LETTERS ARE MISSING
FROM THE ABOVE SEN-
TENCE. CAN YOU
REPLACE THEM?

GO TO THE
HOSPITAL
AND ——— THE
CHILDREN'S ———



THERE ARE TWO OF THE
VARIOUS TYPES OF DISGUISES
THAT DICK SHARP, THE CLEVER
G-BOY, USES WHEN HE
IS ON THE TRAIL OF
DESPERATE CRIMINALS

TURN THE HEADS
UPSIDE DOWN
TO SEE TWO MORE OF
HIS FAVORITE MAKE-UPS



VINCENT A. SULLIVAN, Editor

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SPEED SAUNDERS

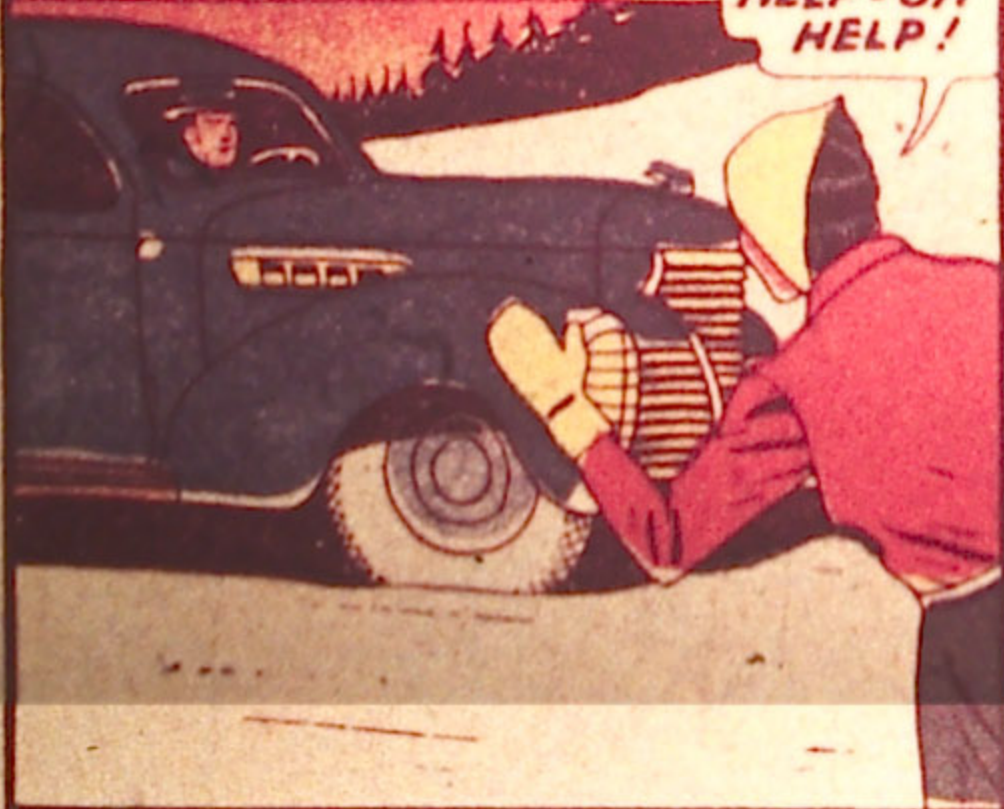
ACE INVESTIGATOR
AND THE
DEATH SLED
BY FRED GUARDINEER

SPEED MOTORS INTO THE COUNTRY
FOR A HOLIDAY....



WHEN SUDDENLY A GIRL DARTS OUT AND
BEGINS TO RUN TOWARD HIM—

HELP—OH
HELP!



OH, PLEASE DO HELP
ME! SOMETHING
TERRIBLE HAS
HAPPENED!



I'M A NEIGHBOR OF THE
DELLS. THEY'RE AWAY
IN FLORIDA—ALL EXCEPT
TOMMY—I FOUND HIM
DEAD JUST NOW! HE
WAS SLEIGHRIDING
AND HIT A TREE!



I'M A DETECTIVE FROM
NEW YORK. I MAY BE
ABLE TO HELP YOU—
CALL THE DOCTOR
AND ALL THAT!



OH—
THAT'S
SO
GOOD
OF
YOU!

YOUNG TOMMY DELL HAS GONE
ON HIS LAST SLEIGHRIDE!



SOMETHING IS QUEER
HERE / I DON'T THINK
TOMMY TOOK HIS
SLEIGH RIDE
VOLUNTARILY -



THERE HAS BEEN
SOMEONE ELSE
BESIDE US,
I WONDER -



HIS WRISTS WERE LASHED
WITH WIRES TO THE
STEERING GRIPS. HE
WAS DEAD WHEN HE
WAS PLACED ON
THE SLED -



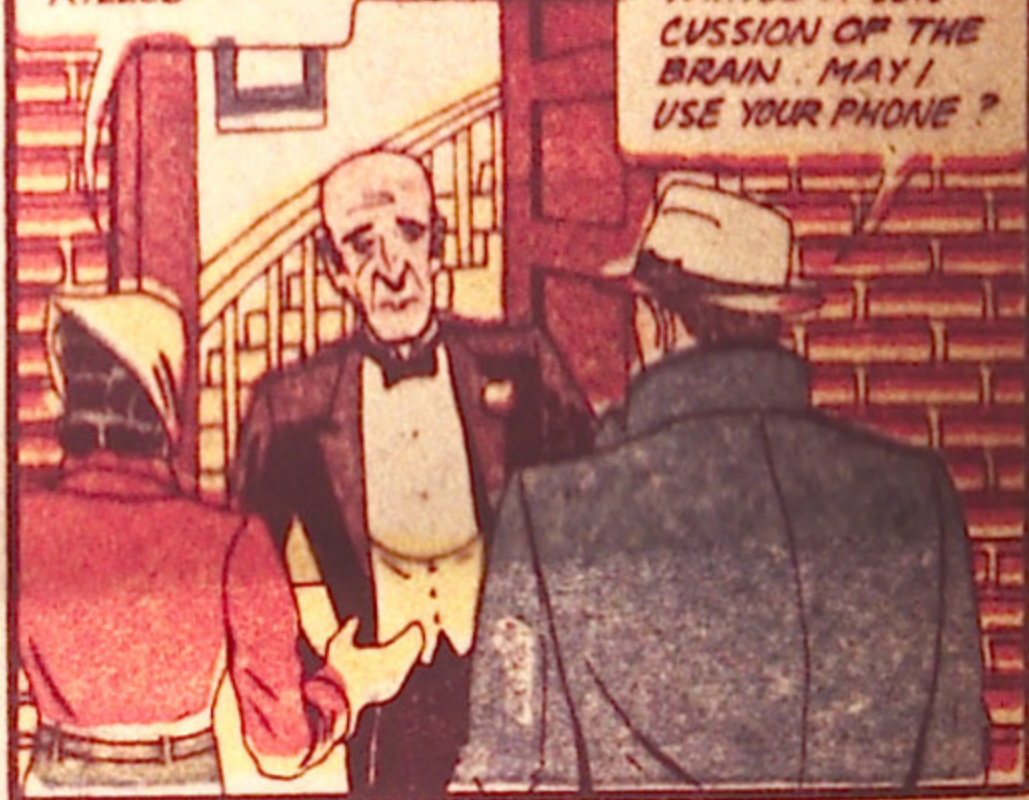
OH, DEAR -
WHAT SHALL
I DO ?

WIRE HIS FAMILY AND ASK FOR
PERMISSION FOR ME TO CONDUCT
AN INVESTIGATION, AND TAKE
CARE OF MATTERS. LET'S GO TO HIS
HOUSE AND TELEPHONE !



JAMESON, THIS IS INVESTIGATOR
SAUNDERS. TOMMY HAS BEEN
KILLED -

HE RAN INTO A
TREE AND SUS-
TAINED A CON-
CUSSION OF THE
BRAIN. MAY I
USE YOUR PHONE ?



YES, CONSTABLE. I'LL
BE RIGHT OVER.
SURELY, WITH
MISS EVARTS !



I WAS OUT WALK-
ING WHEN I
HEARD A THUD-
DING SICKENING
THUMP. WHEN I
INVESTIGATED
I FOUND -
TOMMY - AND -



- AND THEN I
CAME ALONG
AND WE WENT
OVER TO SEE
THE BODY. IN
THE MEANTIME,
EVIDENTLY -

AS YOU WILL OBSERVE, THE
FLOW OF BLOOD IS GREATLY
LESS THAN WOULD BE EX-
PECTED IF DELL HAD BEEN
ALIVE WHEN HE CRASHED.



I WANT TO FOLLOW THESE TRACKS - I WONDER WHO VISITED THE DELL BOY AND SNIPPED THOSE WIRES OFF HIS WRISTS?



WELL THAT WAS CLEVER - ROAD GRAVEL LEADS NO CLUE. WHO-EVER IT WAS COULD HAVE WALKED TOWARD THE DELL HOUSE - OR TOWARD THE VILLAGE!



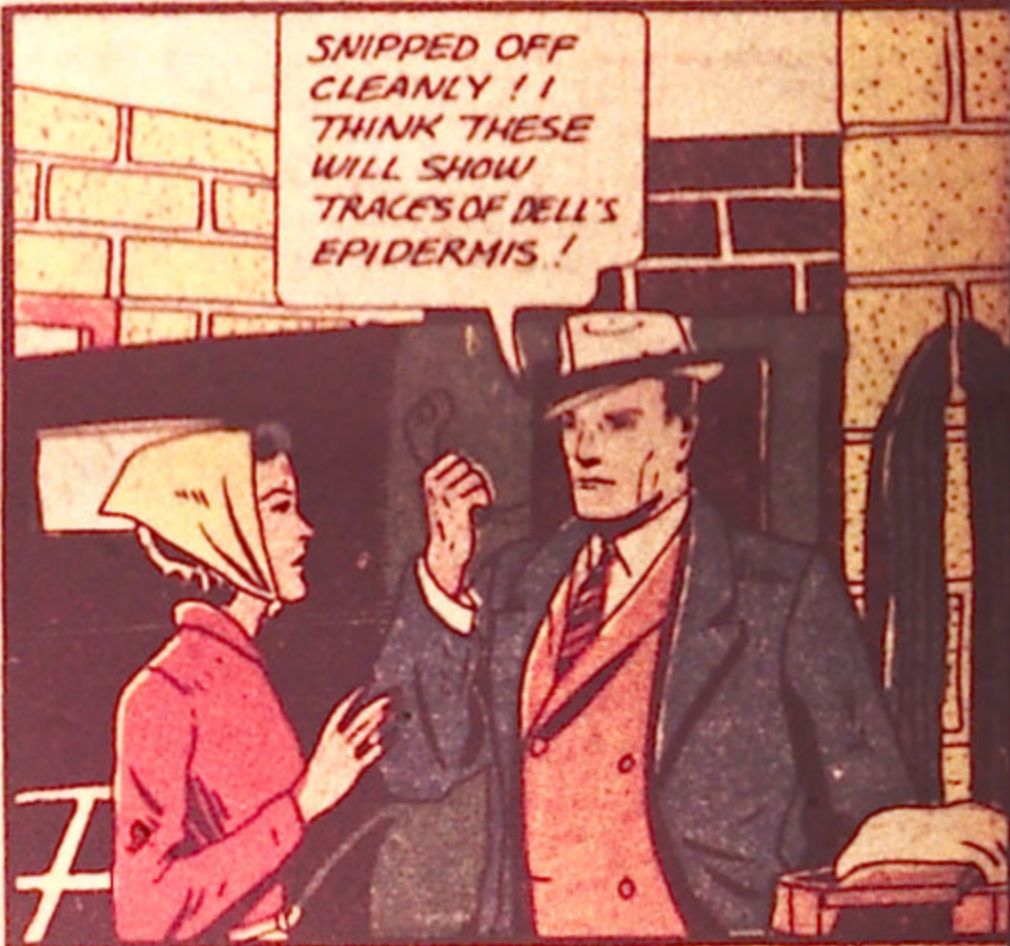
I'M JUST FOLLOWING MY HUNCH TO THE GARAGE. I THINK THIS IS THE BEST PLACE FOR THE MURDERER TO GO - EVEN IF IT WERE AN OUTSIDER.



SPEED SEARCHES THE GARAGE FOR VITAL CLUES -



SNIPPED OFF CLEANLY! I THINK THESE WILL SHOW TRACES OF DELL'S EPIDERMIS!



AS SPEED PASSES THE POOL ON HIS WAY TOWARD THE HOUSE -

WELL, THINGS BEGIN TO SHAPE UP!

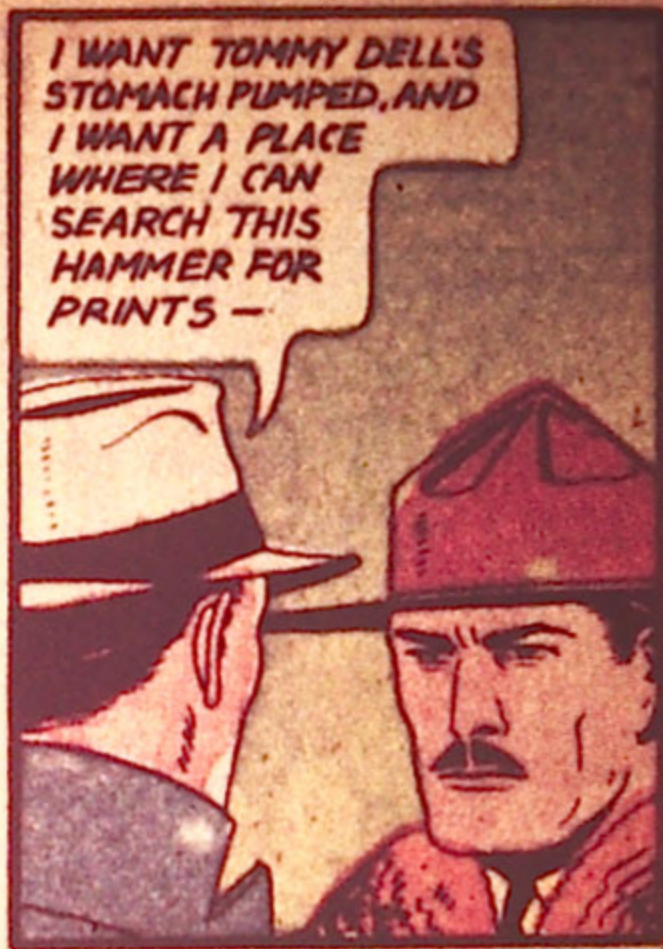


CAN YOU GET ME AN AX AND A GRAPPLING NET, MISS EVARTS? ASK THE TROOPER FOR THEM. I'LL WAIT HERE -



THIS MAY BE ENOUGH - I'LL LET DOWN THE NET -





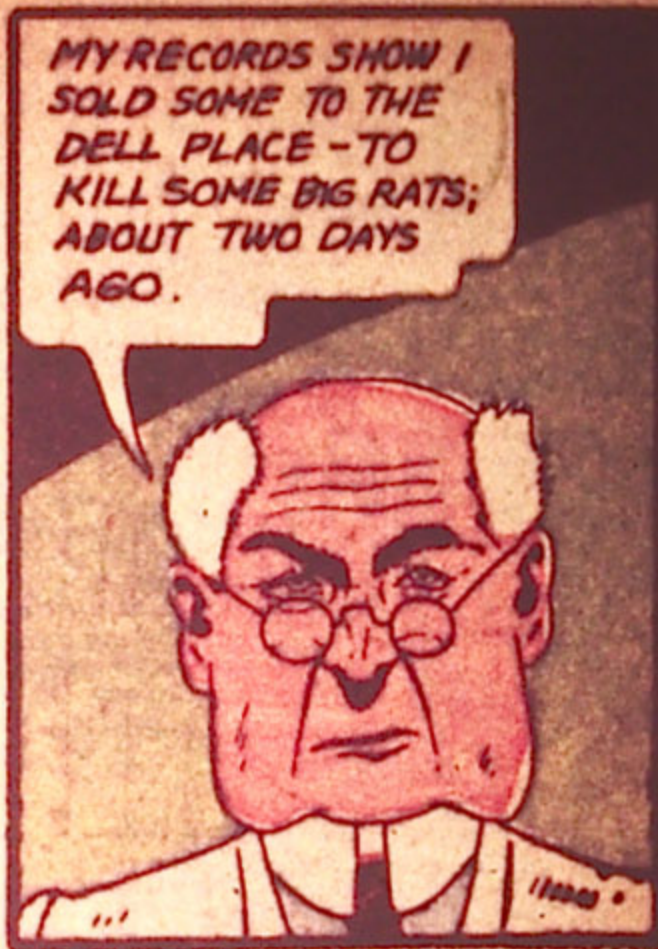
I'M SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR SAUNDERS. I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHEN AND TO WHOM YOU LAST SOLD DIGITALIS-



H'MMM...
LET ME
SEE...



MY RECORDS SHOW I
SOLD SOME TO THE
DELL PLACE - TO
KILL SOME BIG RATS;
ABOUT TWO DAYS
AGO.



DO YOU SEE THE MONSTROUS CLEVERNESS BEHIND THIS? IF WE HAD LEAPED AT THE WIRE AND THE HAMMER, AND SOUGHT TO ARREST ANYONE - THE MURDERER COULD HAVE SHOWN BY THE BLOOD CLOTS THAT DELL HAD BEEN DEAD WHEN THE SKULL WAS CRUSHED IN!



AS IT IS WE'VE BEEN SAVED
THAT I BUT THE MURDERER
YOU KNOW, COULD NOT BE AR-
RESTED AGAIN FOR THAT
MURDER - SO HE WOULD GO
FREE. HE PLOTTED WELL!



WILL YOU PLEASE SEND
JAMESON IN TO SEE
ME IN THE LIBRARY,
MISS EVARTS?



THIS IS SOME PLACE.
THE DELLS SURE
HAVE MONEY. THEY
ARE QUITE AN OLD
FAMILY. I -



"HISTORY OF THE DELL
FAMILY IN AMERICA"
WHAT'S THIS? TWO
NECKRACES OF BLOOD
RUBIES HAVE BEEN IN
THE FAMILY FOR GEN-
ERATIONS, BEING A
PRESENT OF-



THAT'S ALL I
NEEDED...
THE MOTIVE!



YOU WANTED
ME, SIR?

YES I ARREST
YOU FOR THE
MURDER OF
TOMMY DELL!



ME,
SIR?

YOU'VE BEEN AFTER THE
TWO NECKLETS & BLOOD
RUBIES - YOU FOUND THEM -
BUT TOMMY DELL CAUGHT
YOU! YOU INJECTED
DIGITALIS INTO HIS VEINS,
KILLING HIM THEN YOU
CLEVERLY -



-CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF BAT-
TERING IN HIS SKULL AND
WIRING HIS WRISTS TO A SUP-
POSED DEATH SLED. ONLY YOU
WERE A BIT TOO CLEVER IF
YOU HADN'T WIRED THE WRISTS
I NEVER WOULD HAVE SUSPECTED
ANYTHING AT ALL!



YOU'RE SO SMART!
FIGURE THIS-



I WILL -
THANKS!

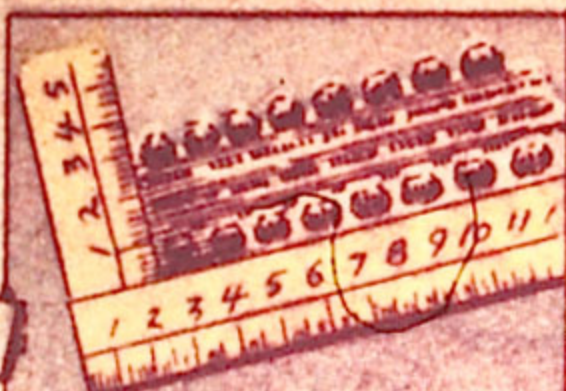


HE'S THE MURDERER,
TROOPER, TAKE HIM
AWAY!



-THE END-

CRIME NEVER PAYS



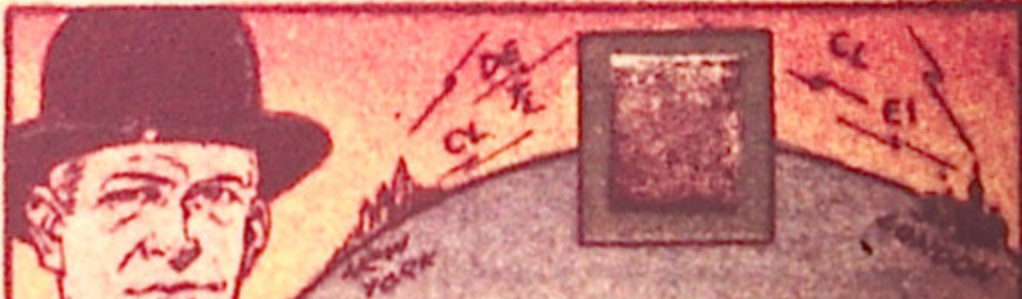
IN ONE YEAR THIS SYSTEM AIDED THE BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION IN RECOVERING OVER 3,000 STOLEN MOTOR VEHICLES VALUED AT ABOUT \$1,500,000.



THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE ONCE MADE A 1000 MILE JOURNEY BY DOG TEAM THROUGH SNOW AND ICE TO LOCATE THE BODY OF A MURDERED ESKIMO AND TO BRING THE SLAYER TO JUSTICE.

AUTO TIRES' FINGERPRINTS

LIKE PRINTS LEFT BY FINGERS OR PORES OF THE HAND, AUTOMOBILE TIRE TREADS AID DETECTIVES IN APPREHENDING CRIMINALS. THE AUTOMOBILE PLAYS A LARGE PART IN MANY CRIMES. THE CRIMINAL ARRIVES AT THE SCENE OF CRIME, AND ESCAPES IN AN AUTO WITH HIS LOOT. DETECTIVES STUDYING THE PECULIARITIES OF THE MARKS OF THE TIRES CAN DETERMINE MANY POINTS AND OFTEN ARE ABLE TO TRACE THE FLEEING CRIMINAL. SUCH TRACES ARE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED THEN PLASTER CASTS OF THE MARKS ARE MADE FOR USE IN AIDING INVESTIGATION.



"CODING" FINGERPRINTS

THE FIRST CODE FOR DESCRIBING FINGERPRINTS BY LETTERS AND NUMBERS WAS INVENTED BY SUPERINTENDENT C.S. COLLINS WHO RETIRED FROM THE POST OF CHIEF OF THE FINGERPRINT SECTION OF SCOTLAND YARD A FEW YEARS AGO.

THIS CODE ENABLED THE POLICE TO SEND "FINGERPRINT" MESSAGES BY RADIO, TELEGRAPH OR TELEPHONE. (1910)

Ted's
Broke



Writes
Jim



Now
Money
and
Prizes



Are
Coming
to
Him



BIG PRIZES

AND CASH PROFITS FOR BOYS

Mail the Coupon to Get Started at Once

FILL your pockets with cash, buy the things you want, build a bank account. Earn any of 300 big prizes, including scout and athletic equipment, printing press, typewriter, movie machine, or bicycle. Boy, how proud you'll be to ride down the street on this flashy new deluxe bike, with all the latest equipment! Start making MONEY and earning PRIZES at once. It's easy. In your spare time just deliver our popular magazines to customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize the first day. You can, too. Mail the coupon.

Jim Thayer, Dept. 860
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Start me making MONEY and earning PRIZES at once and send me your Prize Book, showing nearly 300 prizes boys can earn.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



LARRY STEELE

Will
Ely



PRIVATE DETECTIVE

LARRY IS SEARCHING DU VAL'S STUDIO WHEN HE BECOMES EN-SNARED IN A TRAP Laid BY DU VAL -- THE ECARATIC ARTIST SLUGS HIM AND PLACES HIM ON A TABLE - HE IS NOW APPROACHING LARRY WITH A DRUG-FILLED HYPODERMIC NEEDLE -

YOU'LL BE A PERFECT SPECIMEN FOR MY NEXT "LIFE" PAINTING -

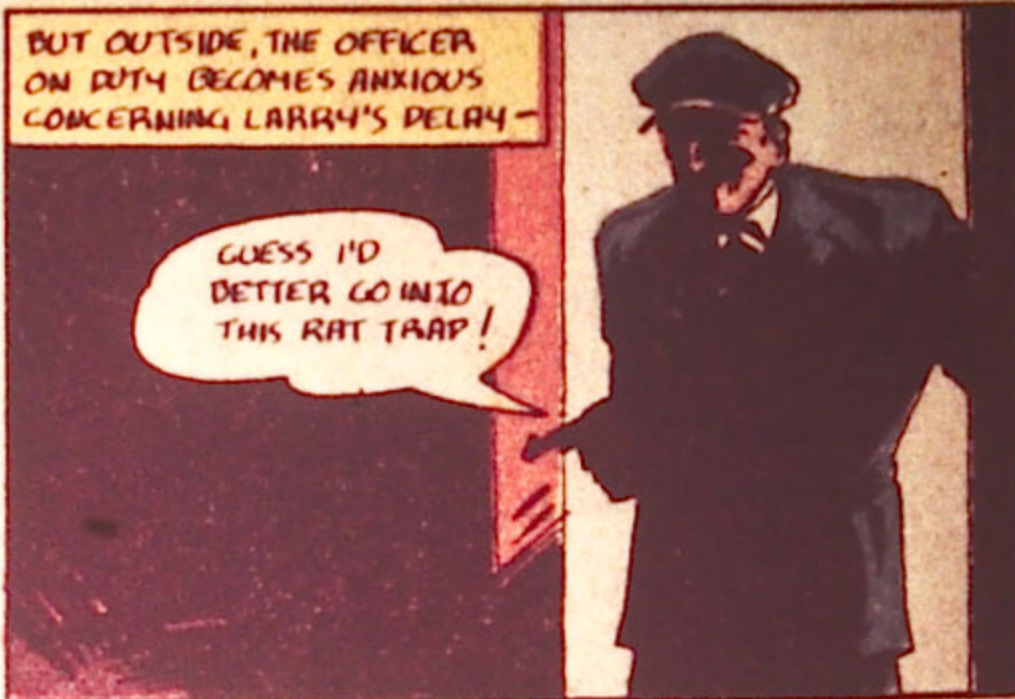


THE NEEDLE SINKS INTO LARRY'S ARM -



BUT OUTSIDE, THE OFFICER ON DUTY BECOMES ANXIOUS CONCERNING LARRY'S DELAY -

GUESS I'D BETTER GO INTO THIS RAT TRAP!



WHY THERE'S NO TRACE OF HIM ANYWHERE - STEELE! STEELE! WHERE ARE YOU!!



THIS IS BAD! THAT NUT MAY HAVE CAPTURED HIM! I'LL CONTACT HEADQUARTERS!



ON SHORT ORDER THE POLICE ARRIVE AND BEGIN TO RANSACK
DU VAL'S STUDIO - -



LOOK OUTSIDE FOR FOOTPRINTS!
COVER ALL EXITS! HE MAY HAVE
LEFT WITHOUT OUR SEEING HIM -



THERE'S A MAN AT EVERY
EXIT, INSPECTOR, AND MEN
WATCHING THE ROOF -
HE MUST STILL BE IN
HERE SOMEWHERE.

CASE THIS LOUSEY
JOINT! WE'VE GOT
TO FIND STEEL!

I'VE GOT IT!
THIS PANEL!
IT'S A DOORWAY!



CAREFUL, MEN!
HE'S A MADMAN -



THEY'VE FOUND THE SECRET
PANEL! THEY'RE COMING
DOWN HERE!



IF THIS EXIT IS
BLOCKED I'M
CAUGHT!



THERE HE IS! ON
THAT TABLE -

IS HE DEAD?





HE'S STILL BREATHING -
LOOK, A HYPODERMIC
NEEDLE - HE'S PROBABLY
BEEN DRUGGED!

WHERE CAN THAT
RAT BE?



THAT DOOR THERE!
COME ON - JONES,
STAY HERE WITH
STEELE --

HEY! THAT SOUNDED
LIKE A SCREAM!



GOSH! ITS
MURPHY! HE'S
BEEN SUGGED -

THERE GOES THE
RAT, DOWN THAT
ALLEY!

LET HIM
HAVE IT!



MISSED HIM -
COME ON!

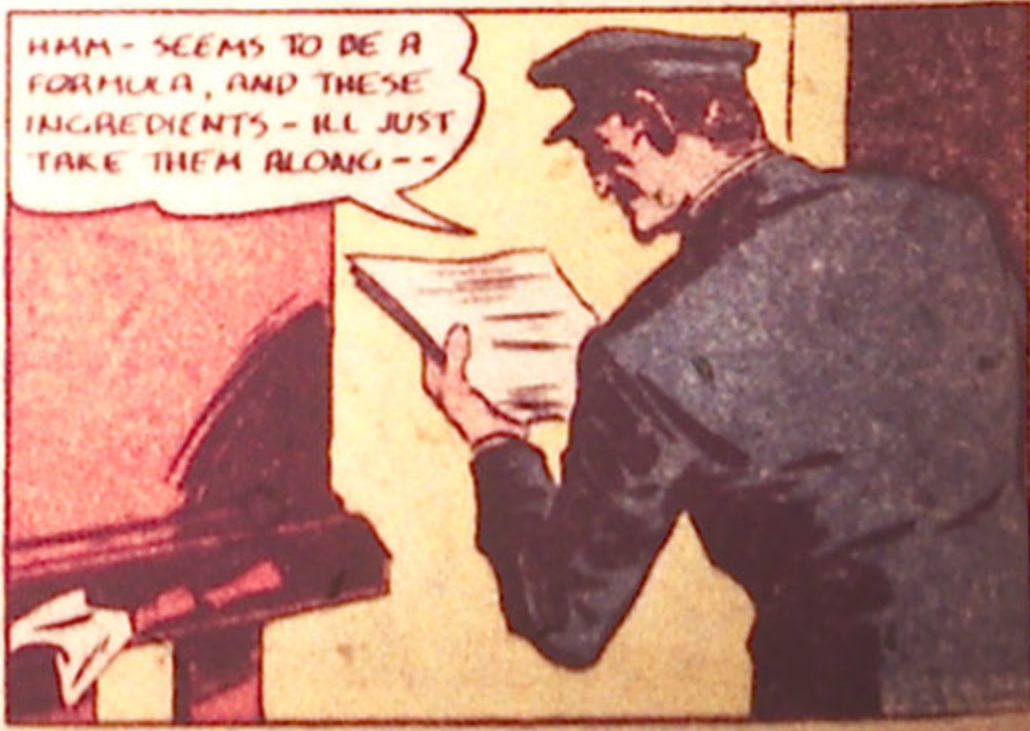


CAN YOU DEAT THAT!
HE'S GIVEN US THE
SLIP COMPLETELY!

MIGHT AS WELL
GET BACK --



GET STEELE AND
WADSWORTH TO A HOS-
PITAL - I WANT TO
LOOK AROUND
A BIT --



HMM - SEEMS TO BE A
FORMULA, AND THESE
INGREDIENTS - ILL JUST
TAKE THEM ALONG --



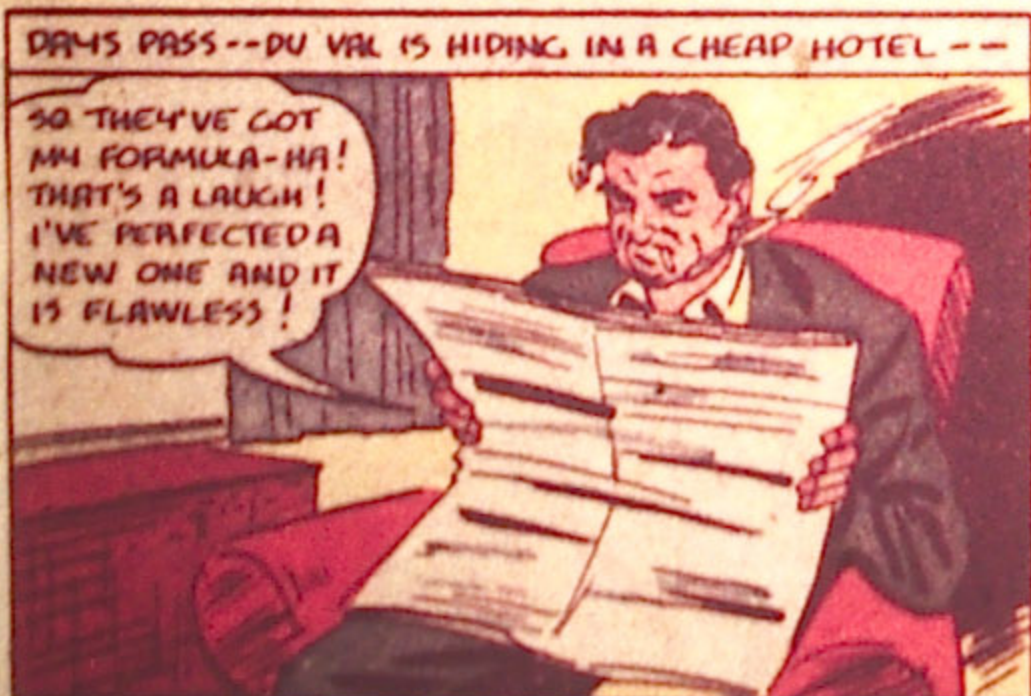
IM OK, DOC - JUST HAD TO LET THE DRUG WEAR OFF - GOTTA RUN NOW -

GLAD YOU'RE FEELING BETTER - MURPHY WILL BE HERE A DAY OR TWO -



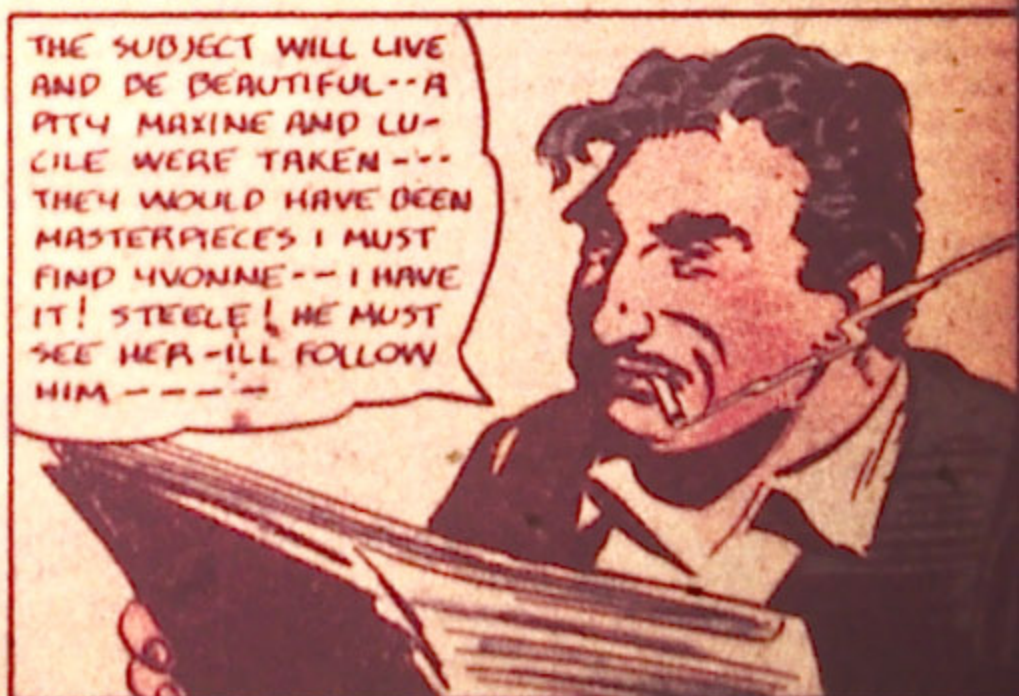
IT'S A FORMULA ALL RIGHT - IF IT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS IT'S FANTASTIC!

BUT WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM !!



DAYS PASS -- DU VAL IS HIDING IN A CHEAP HOTEL --

SO THEY'VE GOT MY FORMULA - HA! THAT'S A LAUGH! I'VE PERFECTED A NEW ONE AND IT IS FLAWLESS!



THE SUBJECT WILL LIVE AND BE BEAUTIFUL -- A PTY MAXINE AND LUCILE WERE TAKEN --- THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN MASTERPIECES I MUST FIND YVONNE -- I HAVE IT! STEELE! HE MUST SEE HER - I'LL FOLLOW HIM ---



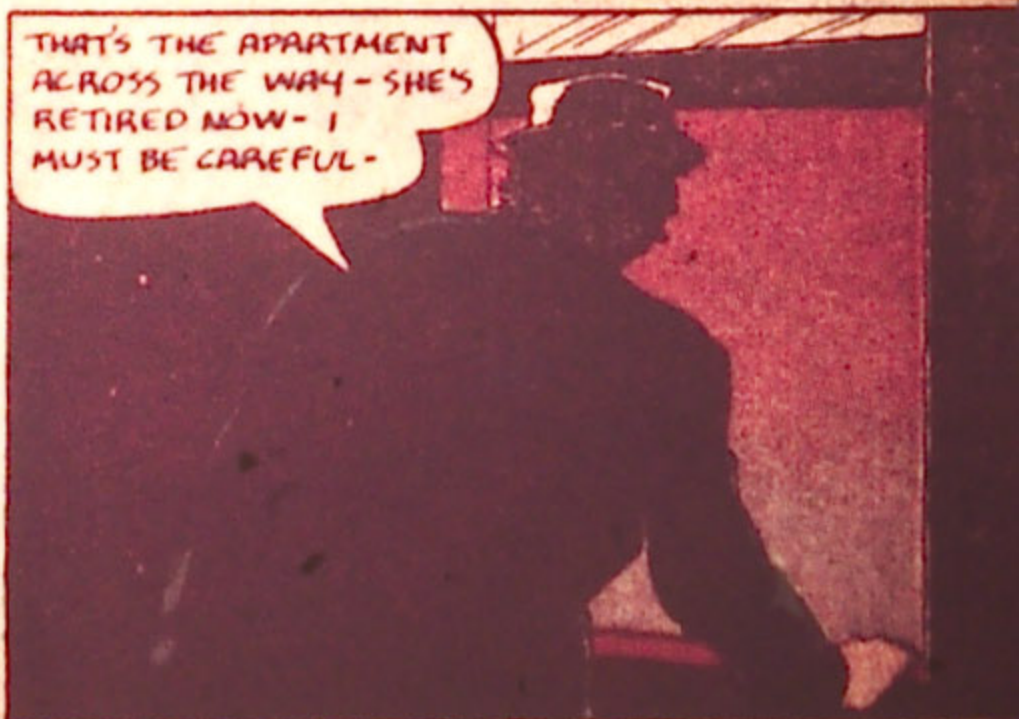
SURE ENOUGH LARRY SETS FORTH TO PAY YVONNE A VISIT - DU VAL SLINKS AFTER HIM IN THE SHADOWS -



ONE FORTY EIGHT WEST EIGHTY SIXTH, DRIVER -



NICE WORK -- SHE'LL HAVE MORE THAN ONE VISITOR TONIGHT!

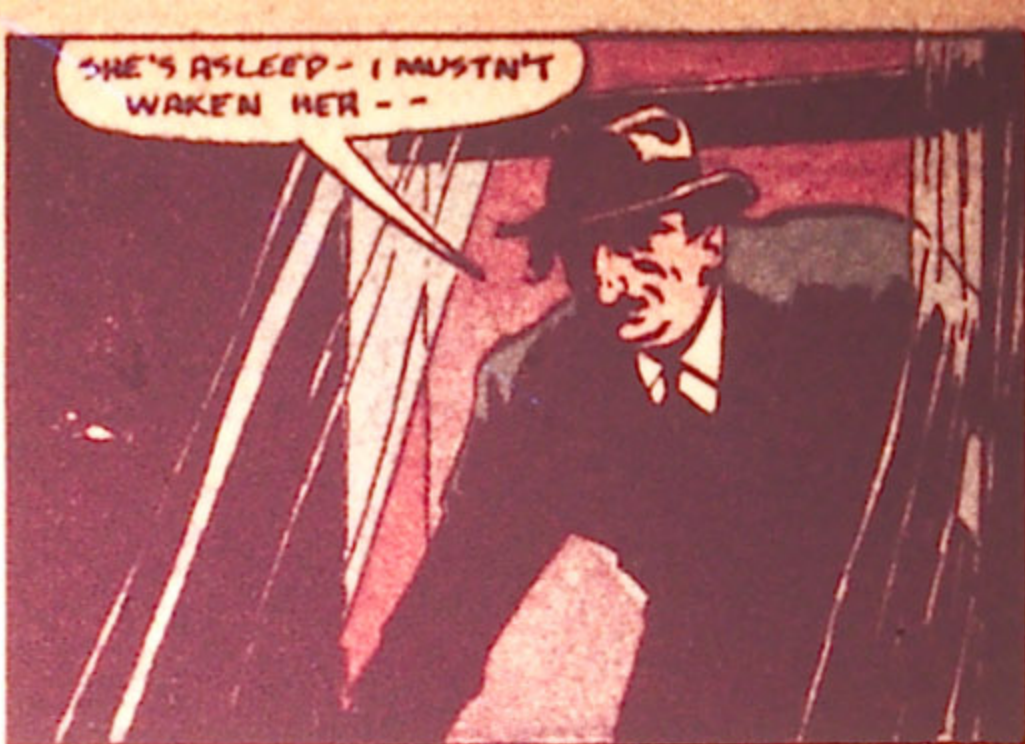


THAT'S THE APARTMENT ACROSS THE WAY - SHE'S RETIRED NOW - I MUST BE CAREFUL -

I CAN JUST MAKE IT
ON THIS FIRE ESCAPE -



SHE'S ASLEEP - I MUSTN'T
WAKEN HER - -



DU VAL STEALS
TO YVONNE'S
BEDSIDE AND
GLAPS AN AD-
HESIVE PLASTER
ACROSS HER
MOUTH - -

NOW DON'T STRUGGLE - IT'LL
DO YOU NO GOOD - -

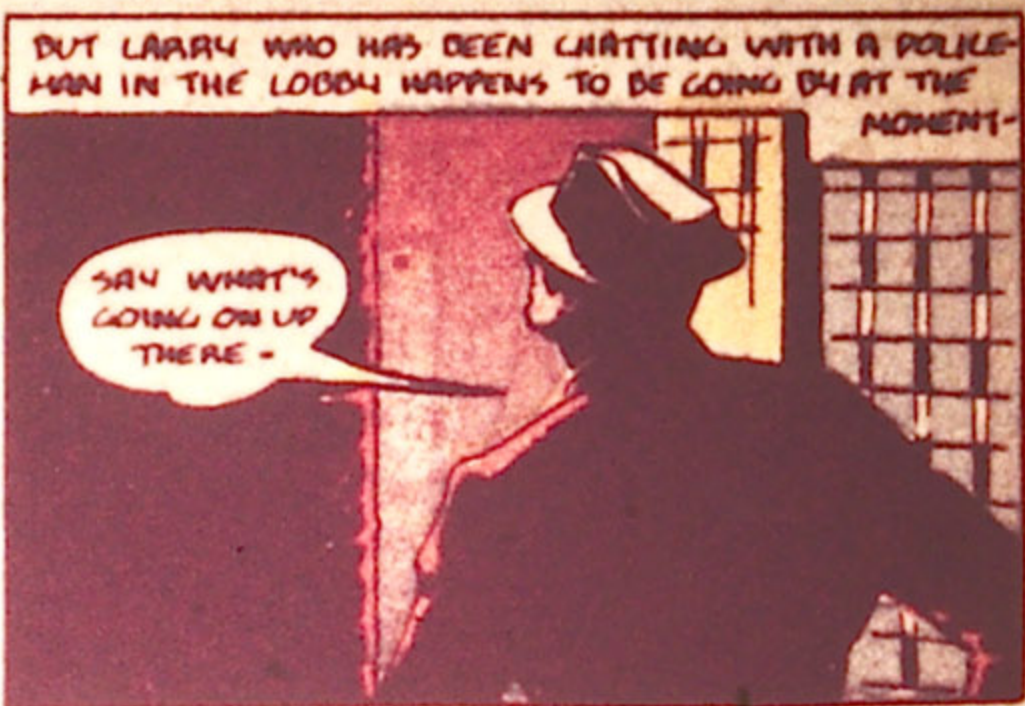


STEP OVER TO THAT
OTHER FIRE ESCAPE
OR I'LL THROW YOU
TO THE STREET
BELOW - - -



BUT LARRY WHO HAS BEEN CHATTING WITH A POLICE-
MAN IN THE LOBBY HAPPENS TO BE GOING BY AT THE
MOMENT -

SAY WHAT'S
GOING ON UP
THERE -



THAT'S YVONNE'S ROOM!
I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS!



HE SHOULD BE DOWN HERE
BY NOW - - OR DID HE
GO OUT THE BACK!



THERE HE IS, GETTING
INTO THAT CAR!

FOLLOW THAT CAR
AND STEP ON IT!

SO THAT'S WHERE HE'S BEEN
HIDING -- I'LL NAB HIM
REDHANDED IN HIS ROOM --

LARRY DRAWS HIS
GUN AND KNOCKS
AT DU VAL'S DOOR --

COME IN --

PUT 'EM UP, DU VAL!
YOUR GAME'S UP --
LET YVONNE OUT
OF THAT CLOSET!

HOW DID YOU
GET HERE!

JUST AN ACCIDENT --
I SEE YOU'VE MADE
A NEW FORMULA --

THANK
GOODNESS
YOU'RE
HERE --

YOU CAN'T HOLD ME
FOR A THING! I'M
INNOCENT!

NOT WITH THE EVIDENCE WE
HAVE AGAINST YOU! YOUR
PLAN TO PAINT HUMAN BE-
INGS INSTEAD OF CANVAS
WITH THESE NEW PIGMENTS
YOU'VE DEVELOPED WAS
FATAL -- IT BROUGHT
ABOUT THE DEATH OF
TWO INNOCENT GIRLS --
OUR LABORATORIES
HAVE PROVED THAT
BY INJECTING MORE
OF YOUR COLORING
INTO THE BODIES OF
YOUR VICTIMS -- IT'S
THE CHAIR FOR
YOU, DU VAL --

- THE END -

Buck MARSHALL

RANGE
DETECTIVE

BY
H. FLEMING



- DEATH MASQUERADES -

THE LOWERING SUN, HUGE AND BLOOD-RED, IS DISAPPEARING BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS, AS BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE, HALTS HIS PINTO BRONC ON THE CREST OF A SHOULDER OF ROCK - ALMOST TO THE END OF A LONG JOURNEY, HE EASES FORWARD IN THE SADDLE AND ROLLS A SMOKE AS HE MURMURS A FEW LINES OF A TEXAS RANGE SONG -



ON, I RODE DOWN IN TEXAS
WHERE THE COWBOYS ARE TALL
THE STATES ARE PRETTY BIG
BUT THE HORSES ARE SMALL
FOR SINGIN' TO CATTLE
I'M HARD TO —

BUCK
ABRUPTLY
ENDS
HIS
SONG
AS A
RIELE SHOT
AND
SOUNDS
OF
POUNDING
HOOF
DRAW
HIS
ATTENTION
TO
THE TRAIL
BELOW!



SOME ONE CERTAINLY IS
SCORCHING THE BREEZE —
HELLO! THAT HORSE
HAS NO
RIDER



I'LL HEAD HIM OFF.



WHOA THERE, LIGHTNING!

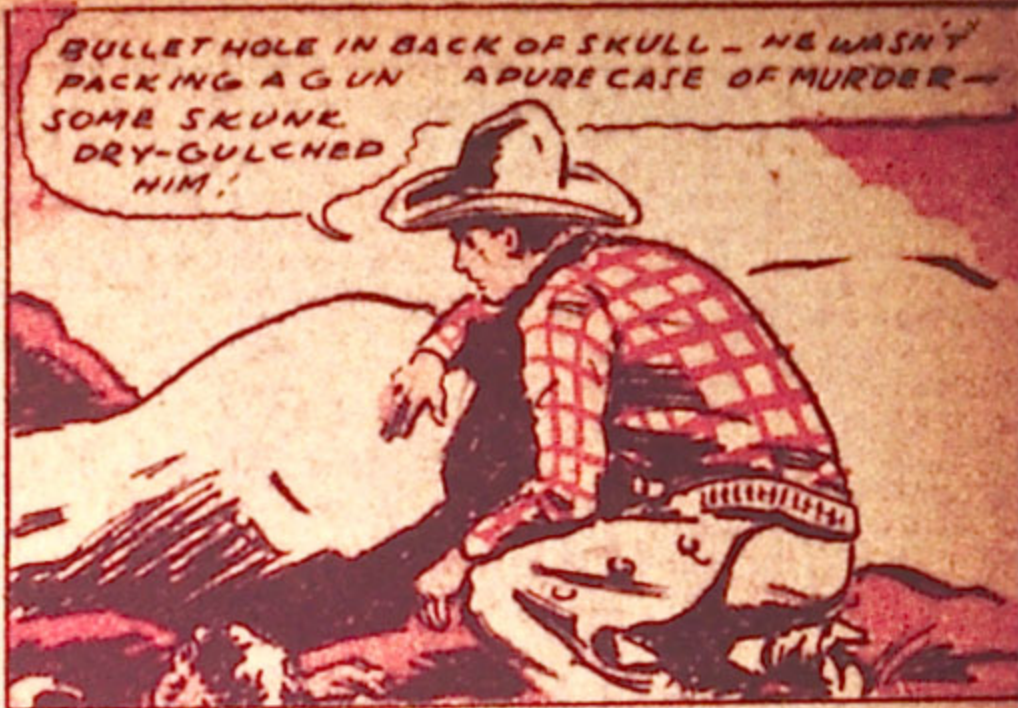


COME ON, CAYUSE
WE'LL BACK TRACK
AND FIND WHERE
YOU HEADED FROM

A QUARTER OF A MILE DOWN TRAIL, BUCK FINDS THE BODY OF AN ELDERLY MAN LYING FACE DOWNWARD IN THE DUST.



BULLET HOLE IN BACK OF SKULL - HE WASN'T PACKING A GUN - A PURE CASE OF MURDER - SOME SKUNK DRY-GULCHED HIM!



FROM THE LOCATION OF THAT BULLET, I WOULD SAY THE SHOT CAME FROM ABOVE - I'LL LOOK AROUND UP THERE



THIS IS WHERE THE KILLER DISMOUNTED AND WAITED BEHIND THESE BUSHES FOR HIS VICTIM TO COME ALONG -



THIS MAY BE A CLUE - A MEXICAN PESO - PIERCED - USED AS AN ORNAMENT ON A HAT OR BELT



IT'S GETTING TOO LATE IN THE DAY TO DO ANY TRACKING - I'LL TAKE THAT HOMBRE TO THE SHERIFF - HE OUGHT TO KNOW WHO HE IS -



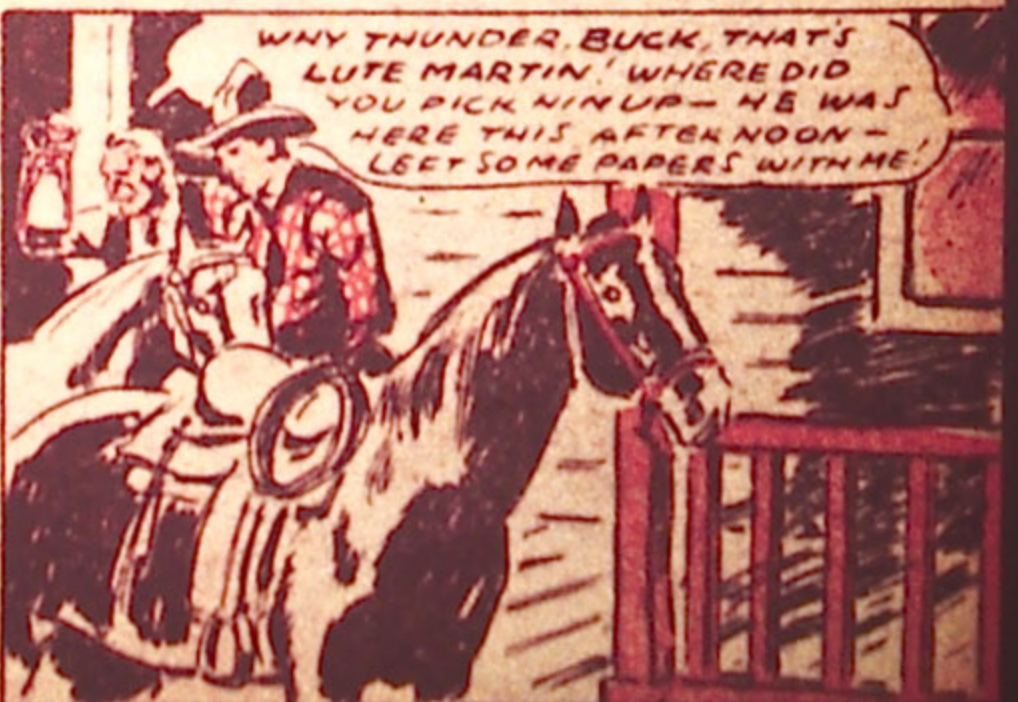
DARKNESS HAS CLOSED IN WHEN BUCK REACHES TOWN - HE GOES DIRECTLY TO THE SHERIFF'S HOME.

SHERIFF, JUST STEP OUT AND SEE IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY THIS BODY

A BODY? WAIT TILL I GET A LANTERN



WHY THUNDER, BUCK, THAT'S LUTE MARTIN! WHERE DID YOU PICK HIM UP - HE WAS HERE THIS AFTERNOON - LEFT SOME PAPERS WITH ME!



AFTER TURNING THE BODY OVER TO THE CORONER, THE SHERIFF TELLS BUCK TO STEP INSIDE - THEN HE TELLS ABOUT MARTIN'S VISIT

MARTIN HAS AN INTEREST IN A HORSE RANCH RUN BY JOHN WHATLEY, AN OLD FRIEND - THEY'VE KEPT IN TOUCH WITH ONE ANOTHER BY WRITING. MARTIN TOLD ME TODAY, THAT HE HADN'T HEARD FROM JOHN FOR TWO MONTHS AND WAS WORRIED



JOHN WHATLEY'S ONLY LIVING RELATIVE IS A NIECE, AT SCHOOL IN CHICAGO, WHOM HE HAS NEVER SEEN - BUT THEY HAVE EXCHANGED LETTERS FOR YEARS - BOTH HE AND MARTIN HAVE MADE HER THE HEIR TO THE RANCH - ABOUT TWO MONTHS AGO WHATLEY SENT FOR HER.

VERY INTERESTING



MARTIN LEFT THIS WITH ME FOR SAFE KEEPING - HE SAID SOMEONE TRIED TO ROB HIM A SHORT TIME AGO - IT HAS WRITTEN ON IT - "TO BE DELIVERED TO JOHN WHATLEY'S RANCH SPRING VALLEY - AT MY DEATH"

STEPPING OVER TO A SAFE, THE SHERIFF TAKES OUT A HEAVY MANILA ENVELOPE -

THIS KILLING MAKES THIS A CASE FOR YOU BUCK - I'VE TOLD YOU ALL I KNOW AND AM TURNING THIS ENVELOPE OVER TO YOU -

O.K. SHERIFF I'LL LEAVE FOR SPRING VALLEY AT DAY BREAK - IT'S A GOOD 40 MILES



AFTER GETTING SUPPER AND STABLING HIS HORSE, BUCK RETURNS TO THE HOTEL WHERE HE HAD ENGAGED A ROOM



I'D BETTER TURN IN AND GET CAUGHT UP ON SOME SLEEP



SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY IN THERE

HE PAUSES TO LISTEN AT THE DOOR OF HIS ROOM AS HE HEARS A NOISE WITHIN -



REACH

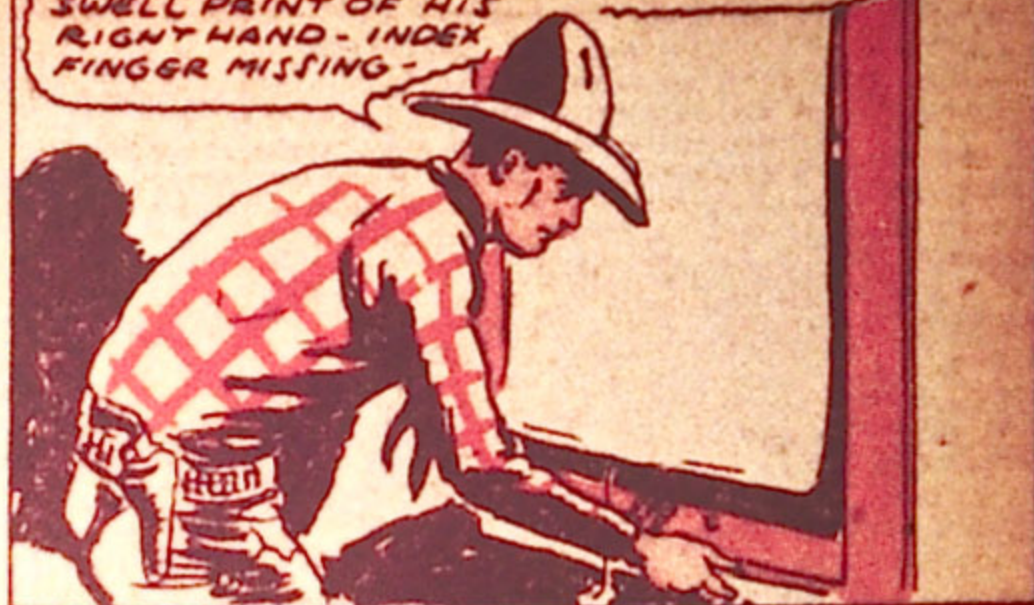
DRAWING HIS GUN, BUCK FLINGS THE DOOR OPEN AND LEAPS INTO THE ROOM - HE CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF A HEAD OUTSIDE THE WINDOW



HE'S GONE - I WOULDN'T HAVE A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE OF FINDING THAT COYOTE IN THE DARK - HE WAS JUST ABOUT TO CLIMB IN THE WINDOW



I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT HOMER WAS AFTER THAT ENVELOPE - HE LEFT A SWELL PRINT OF HIS RIGHT HAND - INDEX FINGER MISSING -



AT DAYBREAK BUCK STARTS OUT FOR THE M-BAR-W RANCH - AFTER RIDING SEVERAL HOURS HE COMES ACROSS A TRAPPER'S CABIN

HELLO TRAPPER!



- LOOKS LIKE THIS CABIN IS DESERTED - IT WILL MAKE ME A GOOD HEADQUARTERS WHILE I'M AROUND HERE -



I'M THINKING IT WILL BE A SIGHT SAFER IF I CACHE THIS ENVELOPE UNDER A LOOSE FLOOR BOARD, UNTIL I CAN GET THE LAY OF THIS BUSINESS.



LEAVING THE CABIN, BUCK CONTINUES ON HIS WAY, RIDING UP TO THE M-BAR-W RANCH HOUSE AN HOUR LATER - AS HE DISMOUNTS, A GIRL COMES OUT ON THE VERANDA

GOOD AFTERNOON, MISS, IS THE OWNER JOHN WHATLEY ABOUT?

BA-YES - I THINK HE JUST RODE IN - YOU'LL FIND HIM AT THE CORRAL IN BACK

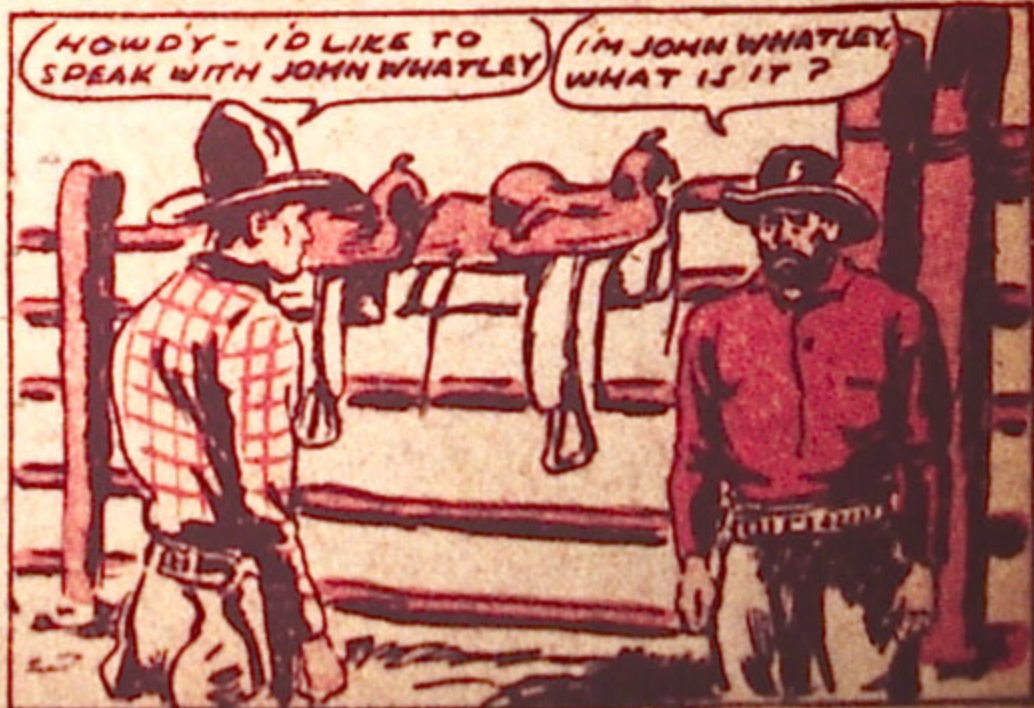


NO DOUBT, THAT'S THE NIECE SEEMED SURPRISED TO SEE ME, AS THOUGH SHE EXPECTED TO SEE SOMEONE ELSE



HOWDY - I'D LIKE TO SPEAK WITH JOHN WHATLEY

I'M JOHN WHATLEY, WHAT IS IT?



I'M ACTING FOR THE SHERIFF WHO DIRECTED ME TO DELIVER AN ENVELOPE CONTAINING PAPERS ADDRESSED TO YOU FROM LUTE MARTIN, WHO WAS FOUND SHOT TO DEATH

I JUST HEARD ABOUT LUTE'S DEATH - MY FOREMAN WAS IN TOWN - I WONT LEAVE A STONE UNTURNED TO TRACK DOWN THE KILLER



WHERE'S THE ENVELOPE?

I'LL GET IT FOR YOU - THE FACT IS, I CACHED IT BACK ON THE TRAIL - I WANTED TO BE SURE THAT YOU WERE HERE -



SO HE HEARD ABOUT THE KILLING DID HE - SEEMS KIND OF QUER - NO ONE BESIDES THE SHERIFF AND THE CORONER KNEW ABOUT AT THE TIME I LEFT



SOMEONE HAS BEEN HERE - I CLOSED THAT DOOR WHEN I LEFT

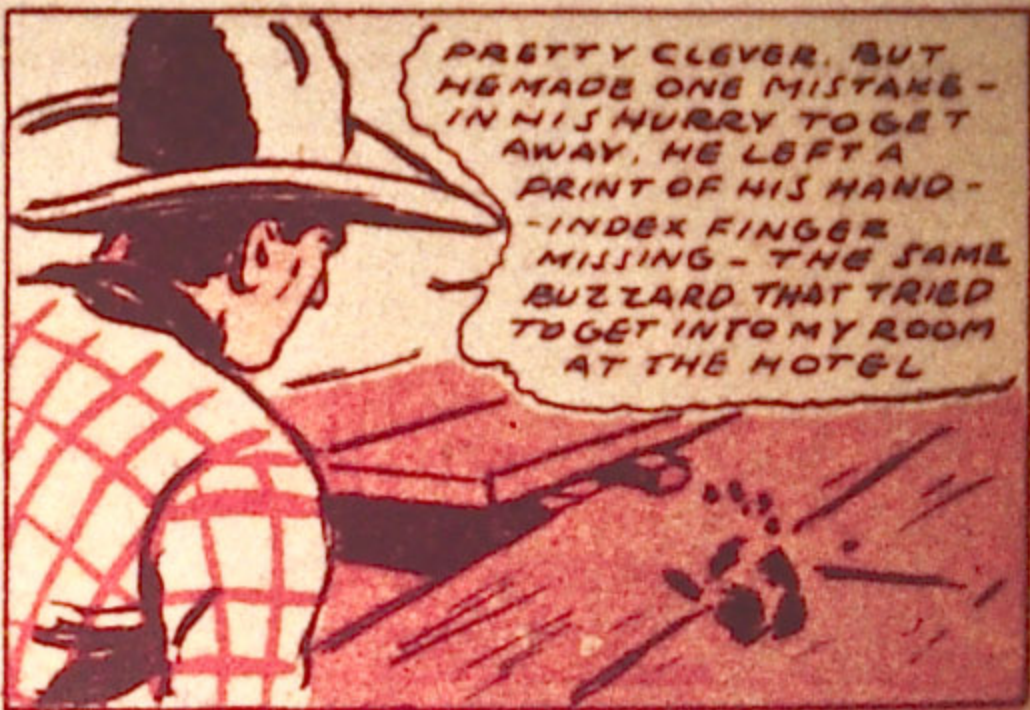


WHEN BUCK GETS BACK TO THE DESERTED CABIN, HE IS SURPRISED TO FIND THE DOOR OPEN

I WAS CAUGHT NAPPING THIS TIME I'VE BEEN TRAILED - ENVELOPE IS GONE - ANYWAY IT MAY HELP ME FIND MARTIN'S MURDERER



PRETTY CLEVER, BUT HE MADE ONE MISTAKE - IN HIS HURRY TO GET AWAY, HE LEFT A PRINT OF HIS HAND - INDEX FINGER MISSING - THE SAME BUZZARD THAT TRIED TO GET INTO MY ROOM AT THE HOTEL



NOW THEN TO TRACK HIM - UNDOUBTEFULLY THERE ARE OTHERS IN THIS SET-UP - IT'S A CINC H THEY'LL TRY TO END MY CAREER WITH A BULLET



BUCK FOLLOWS THE TRACKS EASILY - AS THE TRAIL DIPS INTO A WOODED HOLLOW, SOUNDS OF RAISED VOICES REACH HIS EARS AND HE SPURS FORWARD -

SOMETHING GOING ON OVER YONDER





HE'S LEFT
HANDS

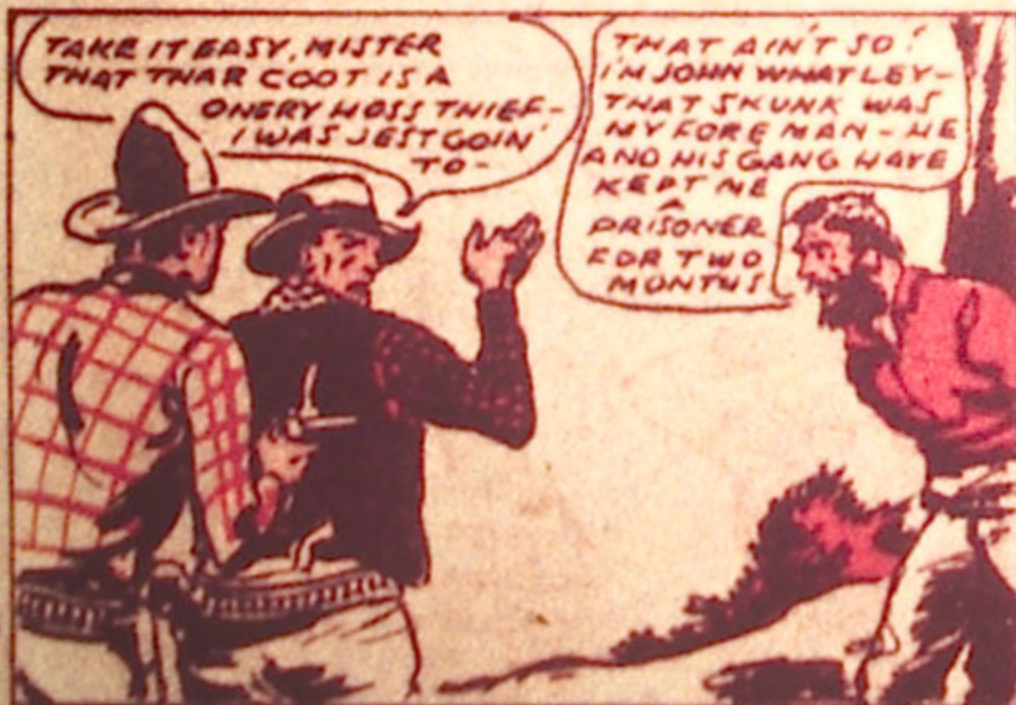
I'M GIVIN' YA
JUST ONE MINUTE
TO MAKE UP
YORE MIND -

NEVER

SLIDING FROM THE SADDLE, BUCK EDGES FORWARD - 30 PACES BEYOND. A MAN IS BRANDISHING A HOT BRANDING IRON IN THE FACE OF A GAUNT LOOKING, BEARDED MAN, ROPED TO A TREE -

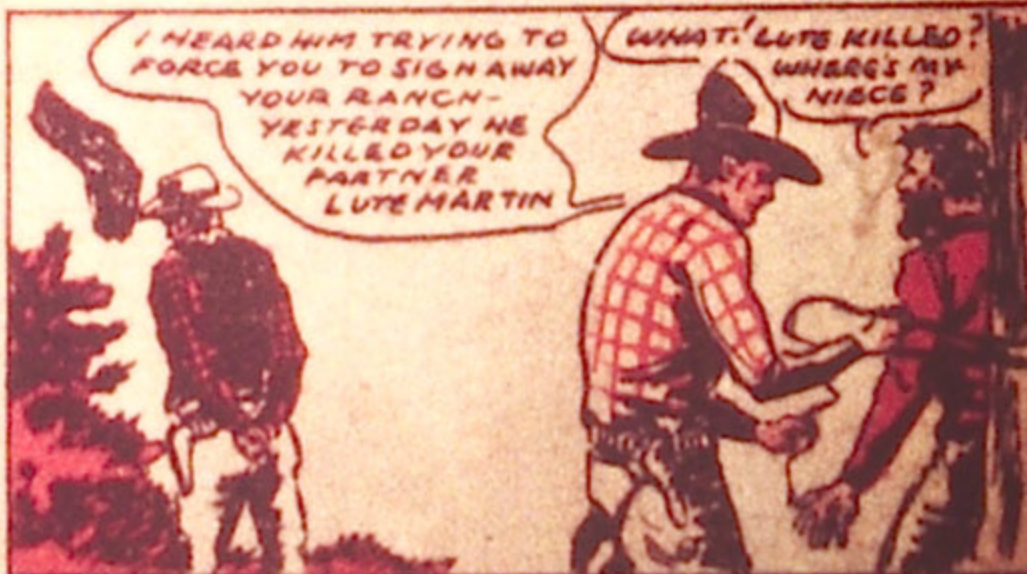


REACH! THREE FINGERS!



TAKE IT EASY, MISTER
THAT THAR COOT IS A
ONERY HOSS THIEF -
I WAS JEST GOIN'
TO -

THAT AIN'T SO!
I'M JOHN WHATLEY -
THAT SKUNK WAS
MY FOREMAN - HE
AND HIS GANG HAVE
KEPT ME
A PRISONER
FOR TWO MONTHS!



I HEARD HIM TRYING TO
FORCE YOU TO SIGN AWAY
YOUR RANCH -
YESTERDAY HE
KILLED YOUR
PARTNER
LUTE MARTIN

WHAT! LUTE KILLED?
WHERE'S MY
NIECE?

IN ANOTHER MOMENT, BUCK HAS THE FOREMAN'S WRISTS TIED BEHIND HIS BACK - THEN HE UNTIES THE ROPES BINDING WHATLEY TO THE TREE -



SUDDENLY,
FROM
BEHIND
A
CLUMP
OF
BUSHES,
COMES
THE
CLICK
OF A
RIFLE
HAMMER

LIFT 'EM HIGH - YUH TIN-HORN!
SO YOU SAVVY US, DO YUH?
WELL YOU'LL NEVER GET
A CHANCE TO TELL
ANYBODY ELSE -



DROP THAT GUN
IMPOSTER!

BUT FROM THE OTHER SIDE, ANOTHER VOICE SNAPS OUT A COMMAND



YOU CAME JUST IN TIME
MISS WHATLEY - THIS CROOK
HAS BEEN MASQUERADING
AS YOUR UNCLE WHOM
YOU HAD NEVER SEEN

I FOLLOWED
HIM

QUICKLY
SECURING
HIS
WRISTS
BEHIND
HIS
BACK,
BUCK
SHOVES
THE
IMPOSTER
OVER
WITH
THE
FOREMAN

WE WILL BRING THEM TO SPEEDY
JUSTICE - I HAVE EVIDENCE THAT
THE FOREMAN MURDERED MARTIN -
HIS HAT BAND IS DECORATED WITH
MEXICAN PESOS - ONE IS MISSING -
I FOUND IT AT THE
MURDER SCENE

I DON'T KNOW HOW
UNCLE AND I CAN
EVER REPAY YOU
FOR SAVING US
FROM THOSE
WRETCHES

THE NEXT INSTANT, BUCK WHIRLS
AROUND AND COVERS THE BOGUS UNCLE

THE END

SPY

JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

U.S. SPY HEADQUARTERS
WILL YOU PLEASE DON
THESE BLINDFOLDS? IT'S
AN UNNECESSARY PRECAU-
TION, BUT WE MUST OBEY
ORDERS

SOUNDS STRANGE, BUT
ANYTHING YOU SAY,
CHIEF, GOES WITH US!

MAYBE HE WANTS TO
PLAY BLIND-MAN'S BLUFF!

THE BLINDFOLDED SALLY AND BART ARE LED ALONG
A SECRET PASSAGE.

YOU MAY REMOVE
THE BLINDFOLDS NOW!

UPON REMOVING THE HANDKERCHIEFS, SALLY AND
BART FIND THEMSELVES WITHIN THE PRIVATE
OFFICE OF -- ARE WE
THE PRESIDENT OF DREAMING?
THE UNITED STATES? IT'S TRUE ENOUGH!
I'VE SENT FOR YOU!

YOU'VE SERVED YOUR COUNTRY
INESTIMABLY IN THE PAST,
AND NOW AGAIN WE MUST
CALL FOR YOUR
ASSISTANCE

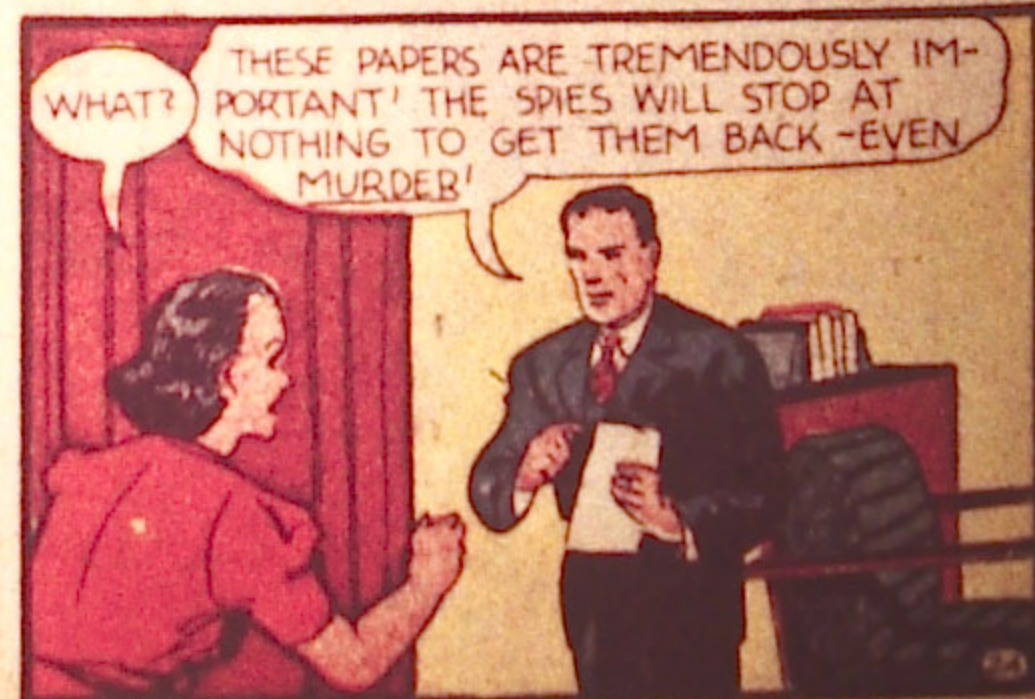
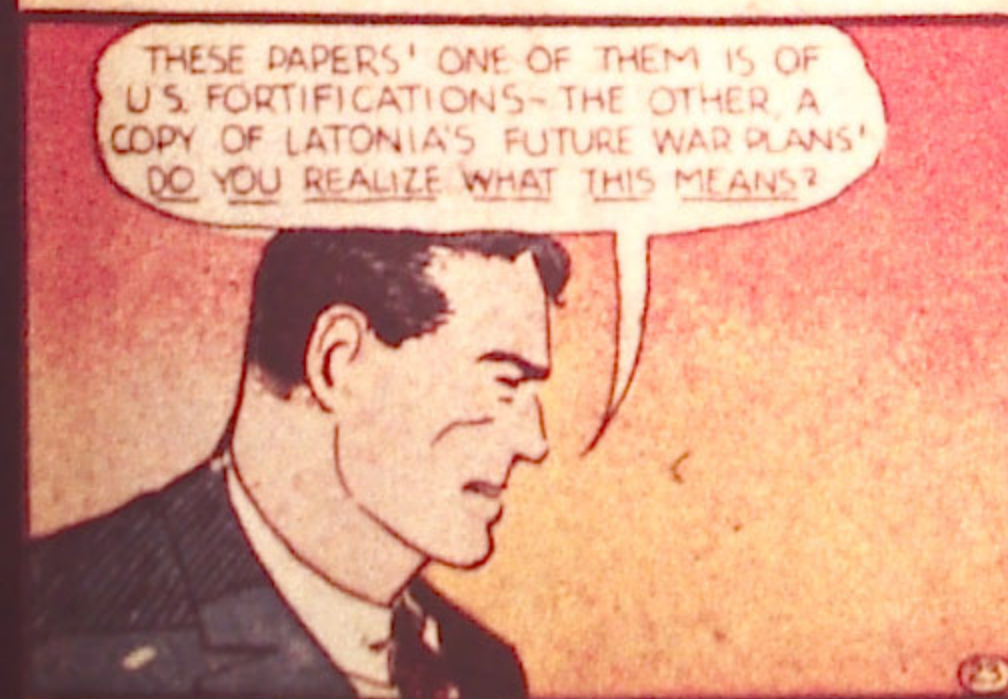
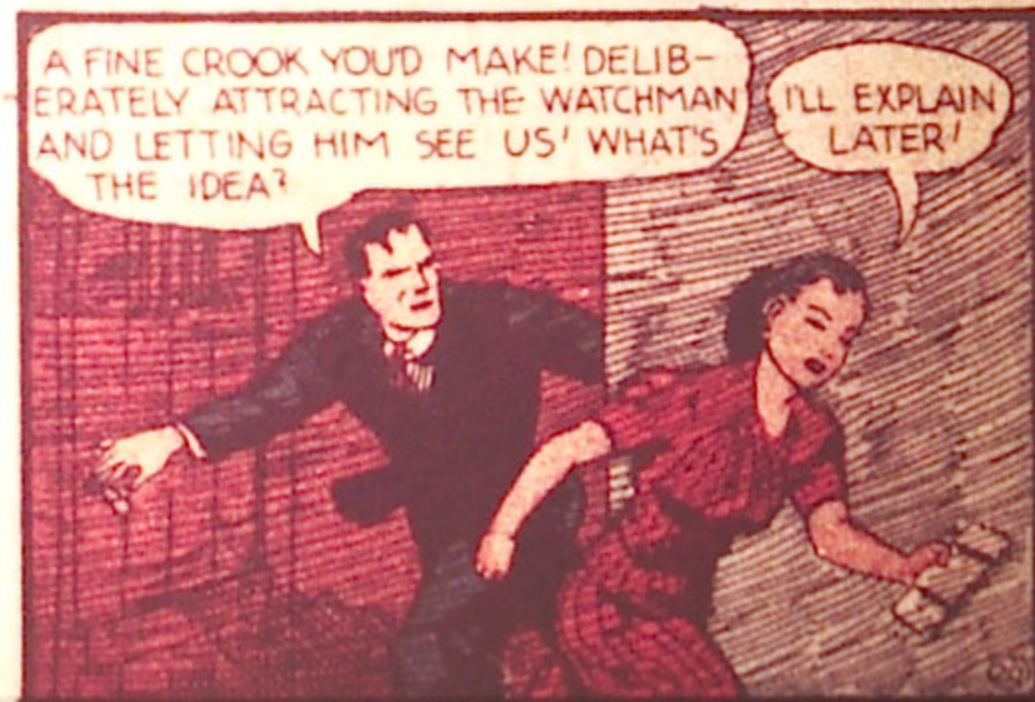
GOSH, MR. PRESIDENT,
WE'LL BE ONLY TOO
GLAD TO HELP IN
EVERY WAY WE CAN!
-- AND BE PROUD TO!

THE UNITED STATES IS FAIRLY SWARMING WITH
FOREIGN ESPIONAGE AGENTS BECAUSE OF THE
TROUBLED SITUATION IN EUROPE. IF ONE OF THESE
UNAMERICAN GROUPS WERE TO BE SUCCESSFULLY
PROSECUTED, NO DOUBT ALL OTHER SPIES WOULD
BE FRIGHTENED AWAY, AND WE'LL
BE WELL RID OF THEM! I WANT
YOU TO USE YOUR INGENUITY
AND TRAP A SPY MOB

LATER THAT'S QUITE AN
ASSIGNMENT! HOW WILL
WE EVER CARRY IT OUT
SUCCESSFULLY?

SIMPLY THRU FOL-
LOWING MY NEVER-
FAILING SYSTEM OF
HAVING OUR PREY
SEEK US OUT!





AMBASSADOR! HURRY HERE AT ONCE! THERE'S BEEN A ROBBERY!

WHEN THE LATONIAN SPIES ARRIVE ---

A YOUNG MAN AND WOMAN-- SHE CALLED HIM BART!
BART REAGAN AND SALLY NORRIS!

THE PAPERS!-
THEY'RE GONE!

WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE PAPERS BACK AT ANY COST!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

WE MUST STRIKE AT ONCE-SWIFTLY AND EFFICIENTLY!

SALLY ANSWERS THE RINGING TELEPHONE---

THAT'S STRANGE, NO ONE ANSWERS.

TRY SPEAKING A LITTLE LOUDER.

THEY'RE AT HIS APARTMENT! LET'S GO!

GOOD GOSH! IT'S JUST OCCURED TO ME! THAT PHONE CALL WAS FROM THE SPIES! THEY CALLED TO LEARN IF WE WERE HERE!

IN THAT CASE WE'VE GOT TO ACT QUICKLY!

GREGOR YOU TAKE THE REAR! YOU, NANETTE, COME WITH ME!

A KNOCKING ON BART'S DOOR IS HEARD---

GO AHEAD!
ANSWER!

OKAY, YOU DON'T
HAVE TO SHOVE!



IF YOU RETURN THOSE
PAPERS YOU STOLE, YOU
WILL SAVE YOURSELF
FROM SOME DISAGREE-
ABLE TROUBLE!

RAISE YOUR HANDS!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST
FOR CONSPIRING AGAINST
THE UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT!



THE DOOR TO THE ADJOINING ROOM COMMENCES
TO SLOWLY OPEN---



BUT SALLY GLIMPSES NANETTE'S REFLECTION
IN A MIRROR---



RAISE YOUR
HANDS!



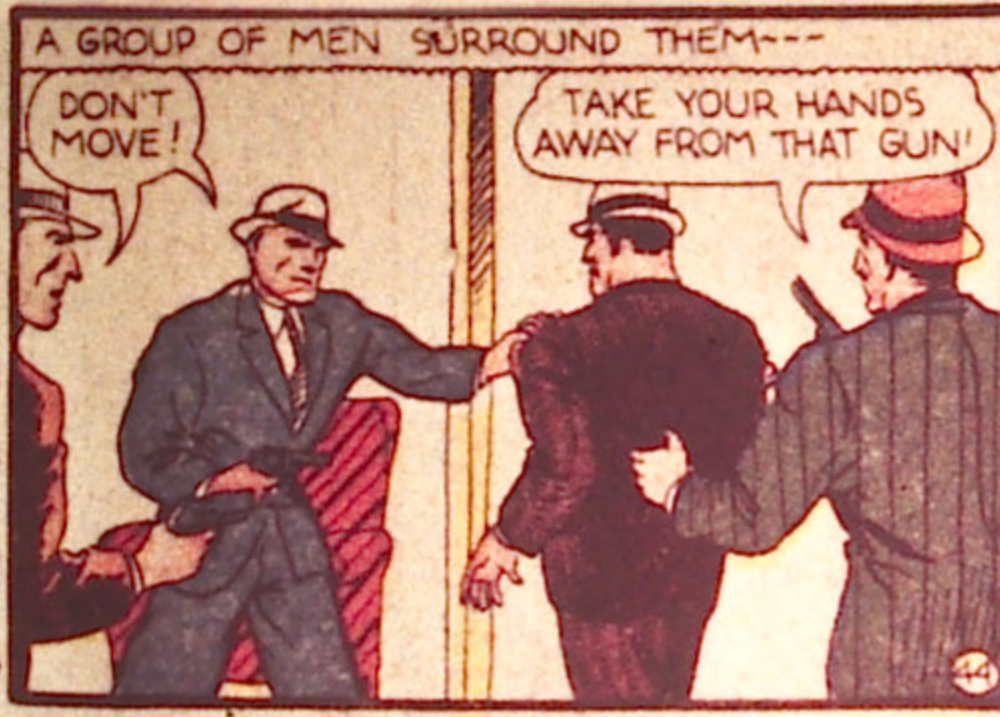
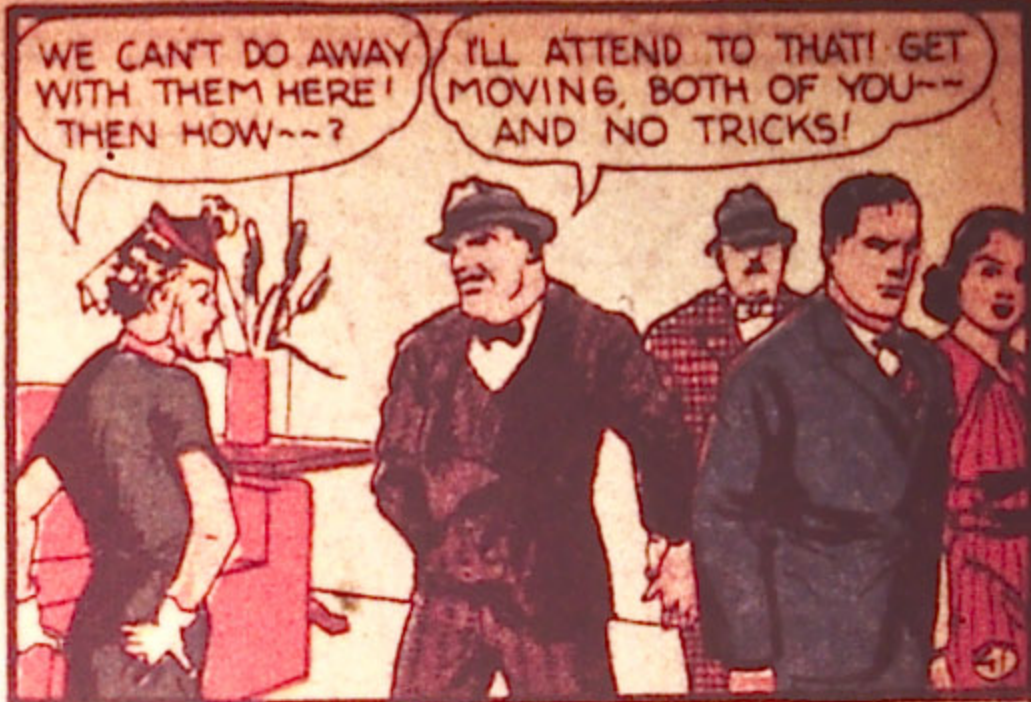
I'D ADVISE YOU
TO RAISE YOURS!

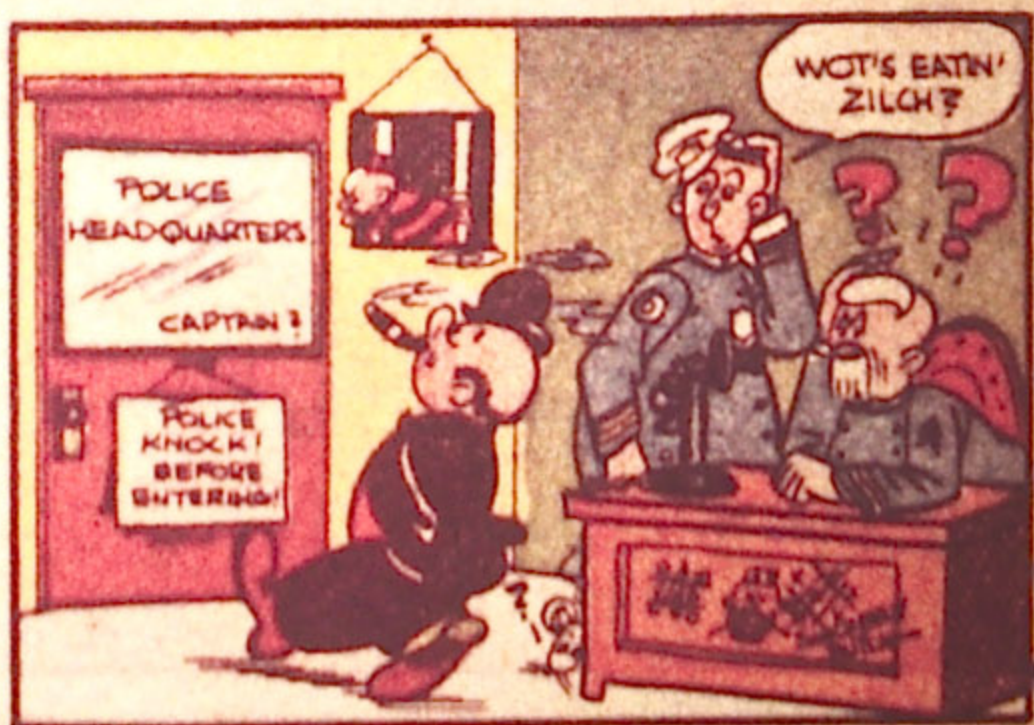
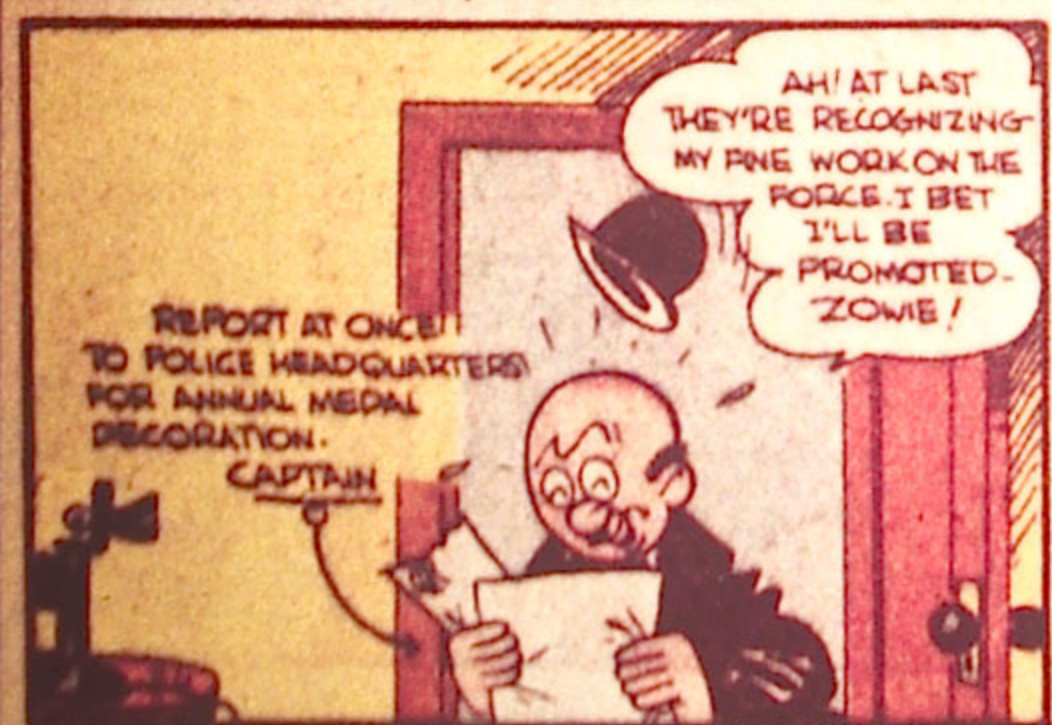


FROM THE WINDOW
GREGOR ASSUMES
COMMAND OF
THE SITUATION---

DROP THAT
GUN!







Stamp Collectors' Corner

SCULPTOR HONORED

A three value set from Denmark honors Bertel Thorvaldsen, famous sculptor. A portrait of the artist appears on the 5 ore red and 30 ore blue, and the 10 ore purple pictures one of his works.

Thorvaldsen was born in Copenhagen in 1770. He began his art studies in the city of his birth but soon went to Italy where he spent twenty-three years. He returned to Denmark in 1819, and divided his time between the two countries until his death in 1844. He left a large part of his fortune to found a museum in Copenhagen, and, according to his own wish he is buried in a courtyard of the museum.

SUBWAY HONORED

Three years ago Russia issued a very attractive stamp set to glorify the Moscow Underground Railway, or Subway. Now comes another set for the same purpose with streamlined designing. The new stamps are larger than the previous issue and while the designs are substantially the same, the treatment is much more impressive in the 1938 version. The station platforms are spacious, and beautifully designed, the station building, pictured on the 40 kopecs stamp printed in purple, is a gorgeous edifice. The remaining five values picture different aspects of the platforms and long vistas of subway tracks. These stamps are: 10k brown violet, 15k dark brown, 20k gray-brown, 40k brown, 50k brown.

FIRST DAY SALES

The Calvin Coolidge \$5 stamp, issued in Washington on November 17th had a first day sale amounting to \$98,000. There were 15,615 covers cancelled, including 766 in blocks of four. Quite an expenditure, that, for one cover. Total number of stamps sold was 19,600.

A comparison with recent stamps of somewhat lower value may be interesting. The Rutherford B. Hayes 19 cent stamp, issued on November 10th, had a first day sale of \$16,418.85, representing 86,415 stamps. There were 54,030 first day covers of which 6,049 were blocks of four.

The 20 cent James A. Garfield stamp, issued the same day, brought an income of \$17,160 for 85,805 stamps. There were 44,938 first day covers including 5,977 with blocks of four.

ODDS AND ENDS

A new addition to Japan's postage roster is a 10 sen stamp in red picturing the gate of the Toshio Shrine in Nikko.

Yugoslavia is preparing a stamp issue of four values for the benefit of the Women's Christian Movement.

Finland's new post office in the capital city of Helsinki will appear on a four markka stamp soon to be issued.

Perak, one of the Federated Malay States, has released four stamps picturing the boy Sultan. Values and colors are: 10 cent brown violet, 12c blue, 30c orange, and 50c black and green.

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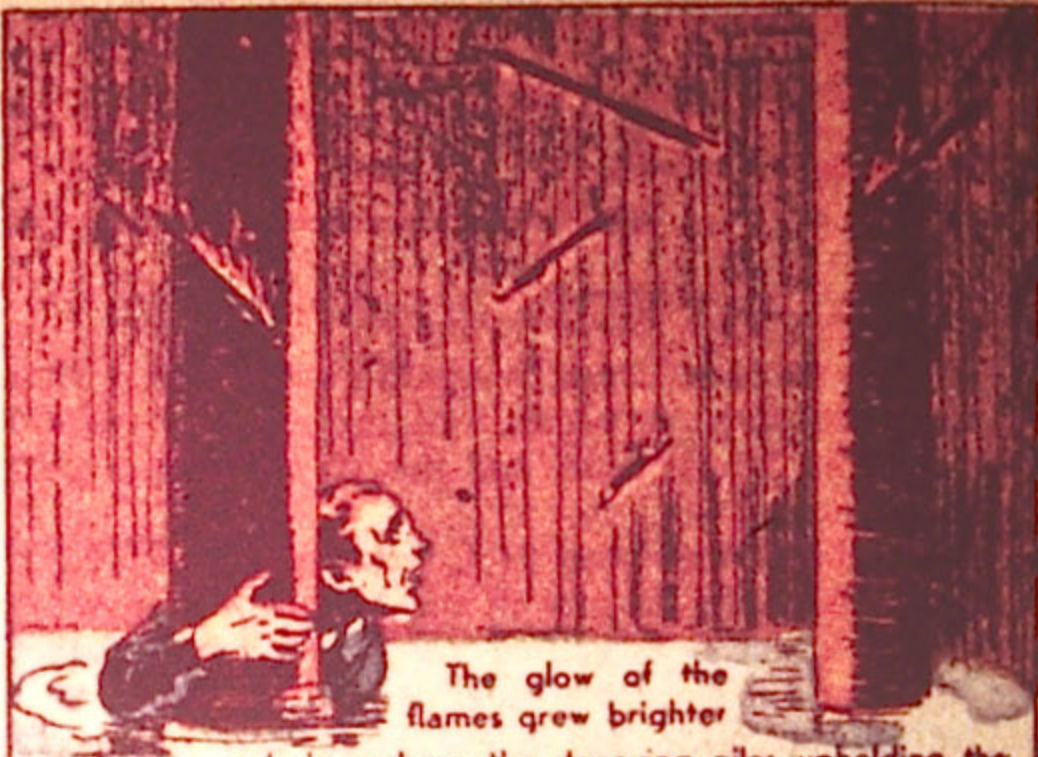
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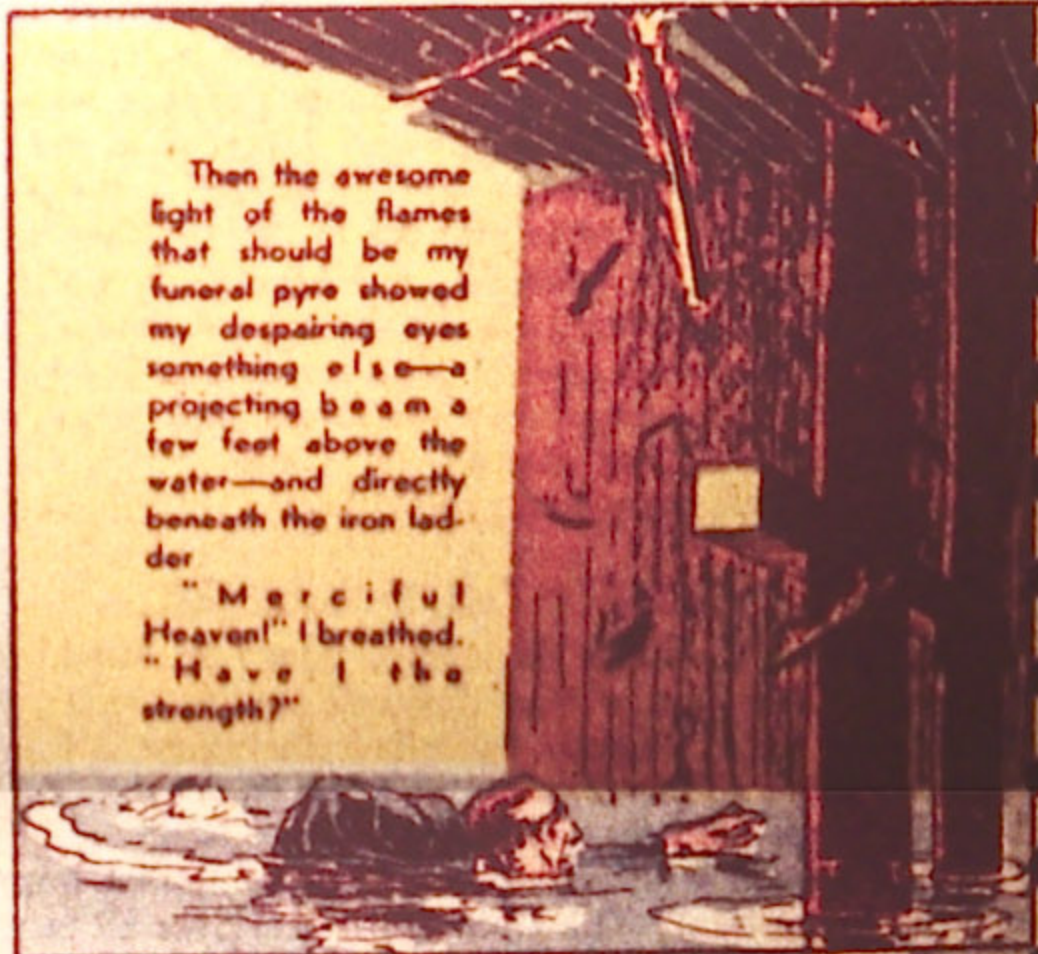
By
SAX ROHMER



The glow of the flames grew brighter and showed me the decaying piles upholding the building, the slime-coated walls—showed me that there was no escape! By some subterranean duct my body would pass into the Thames, in the wake of Cadby Mason and many another victim.

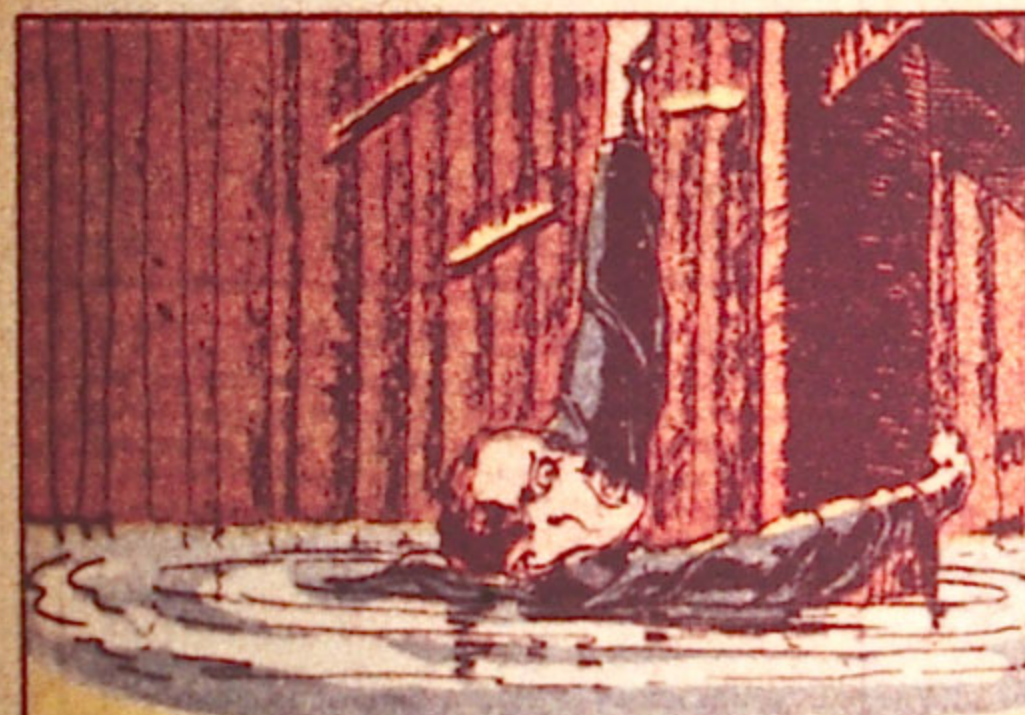


Swimming toward the other wall of the pit I made out rusty iron rungs affixed to one of the walls, and leading upward to another trap door than the one through which I had fallen. Hope thrilled me. But the three bottom rungs of the ladder were missing!

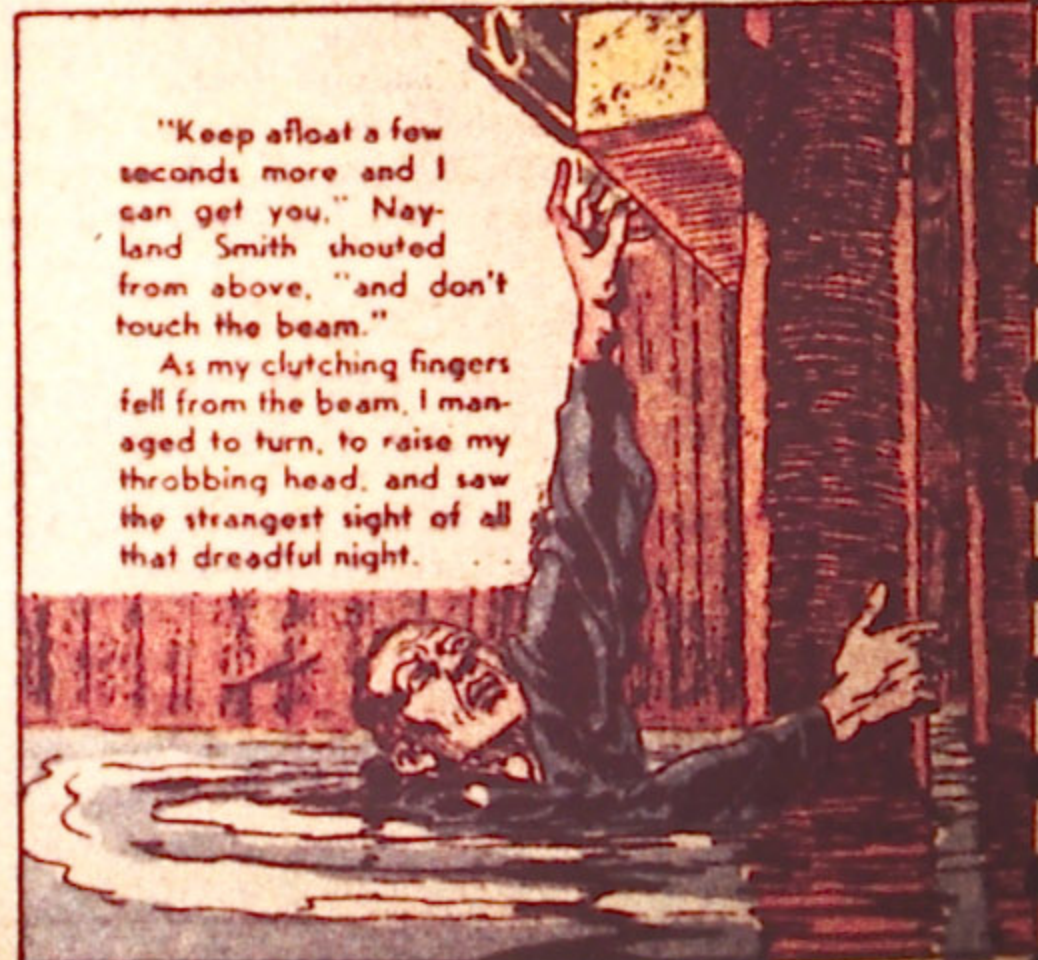


Then the awesome light of the flames that should be my funeral pyre showed my despairing eyes something else—a projecting beam a few feet above the water—and directly beneath the iron ladder.

"Merciful Heaven!" I breathed. "Have I the strength?"



If I could grasp the beam! My garments weighed upon me like a suit of mail. A remote uproar came to my ears. I reached for the beam. "Petriel Petriel" came Smith's voice. "Don't touch the beam!"

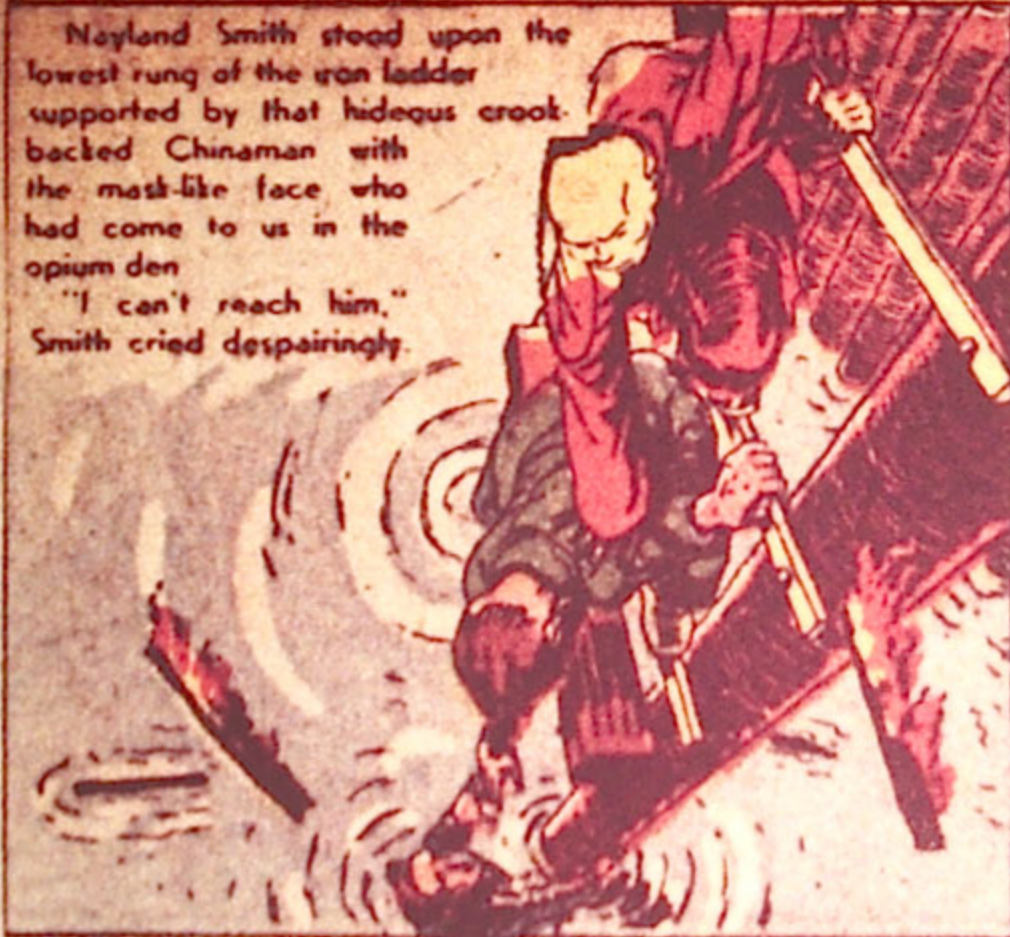


"Keep afloat a few seconds more and I can get you," Nayland Smith shouted from above, "and don't touch the beam."

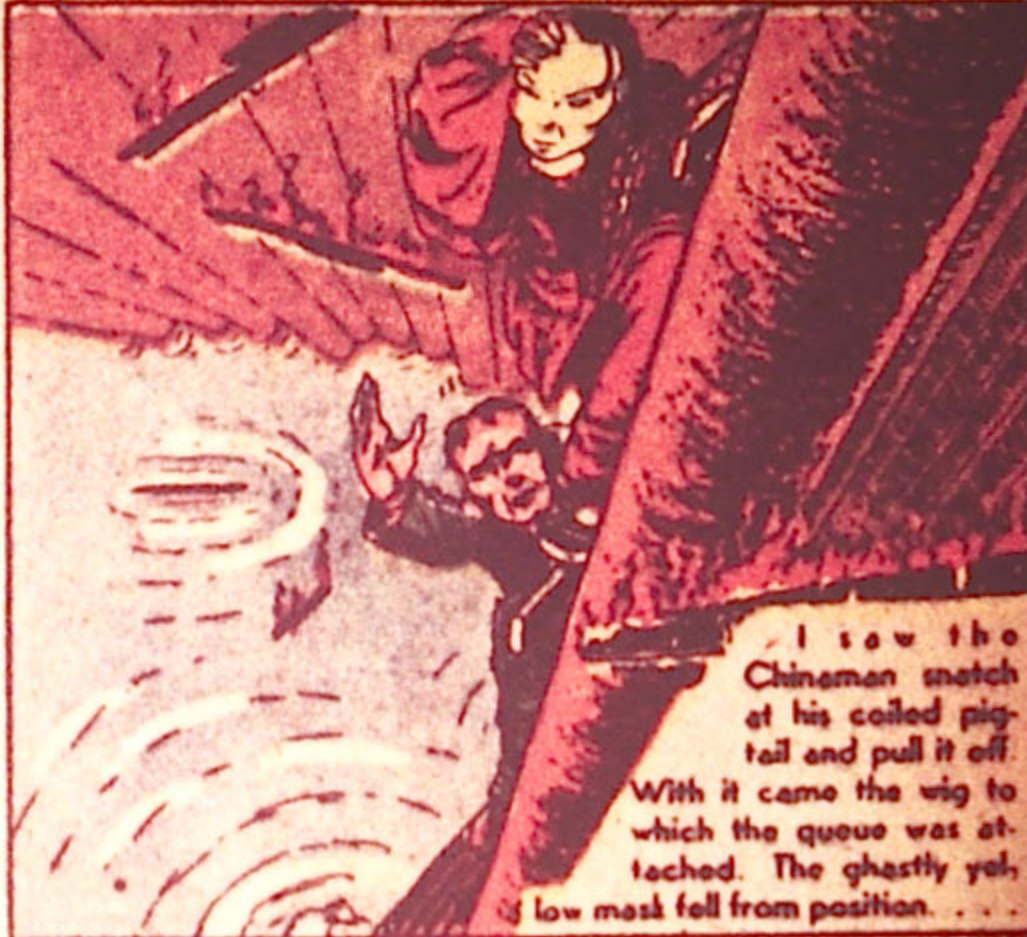
As my clutching fingers fell from the beam, I managed to turn, to raise my throbbing head, and saw the strangest sight of all that dreadful night.

Nayland Smith stood upon the lowest rung of the iron ladder supported by that hideous crook-backed Chinaman with the mask-like face who had come to us in the opium den.

"I can't reach him," Smith cried despairingly.



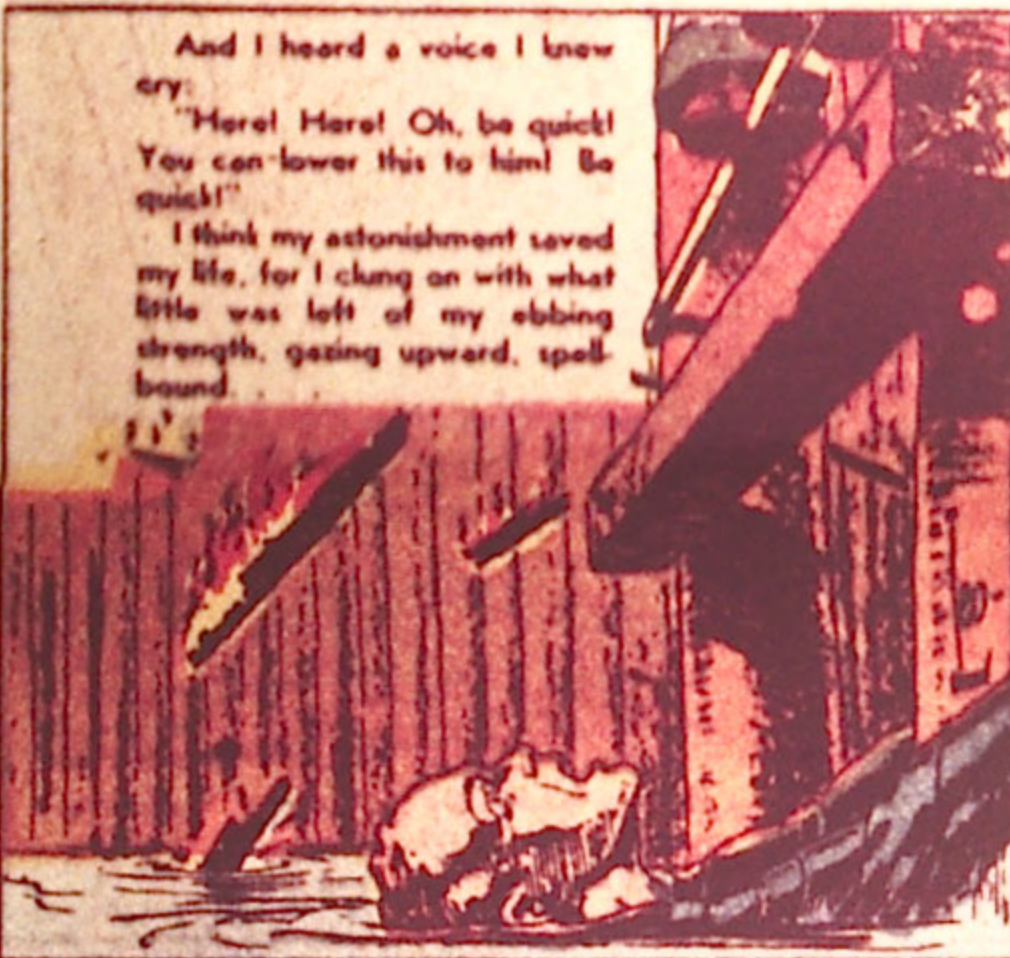
I saw the Chinaman snatch at his coiled pigtail and pull it off. With it came the wig to which the queue was attached. The ghastly yellow mask fell from position. . . .



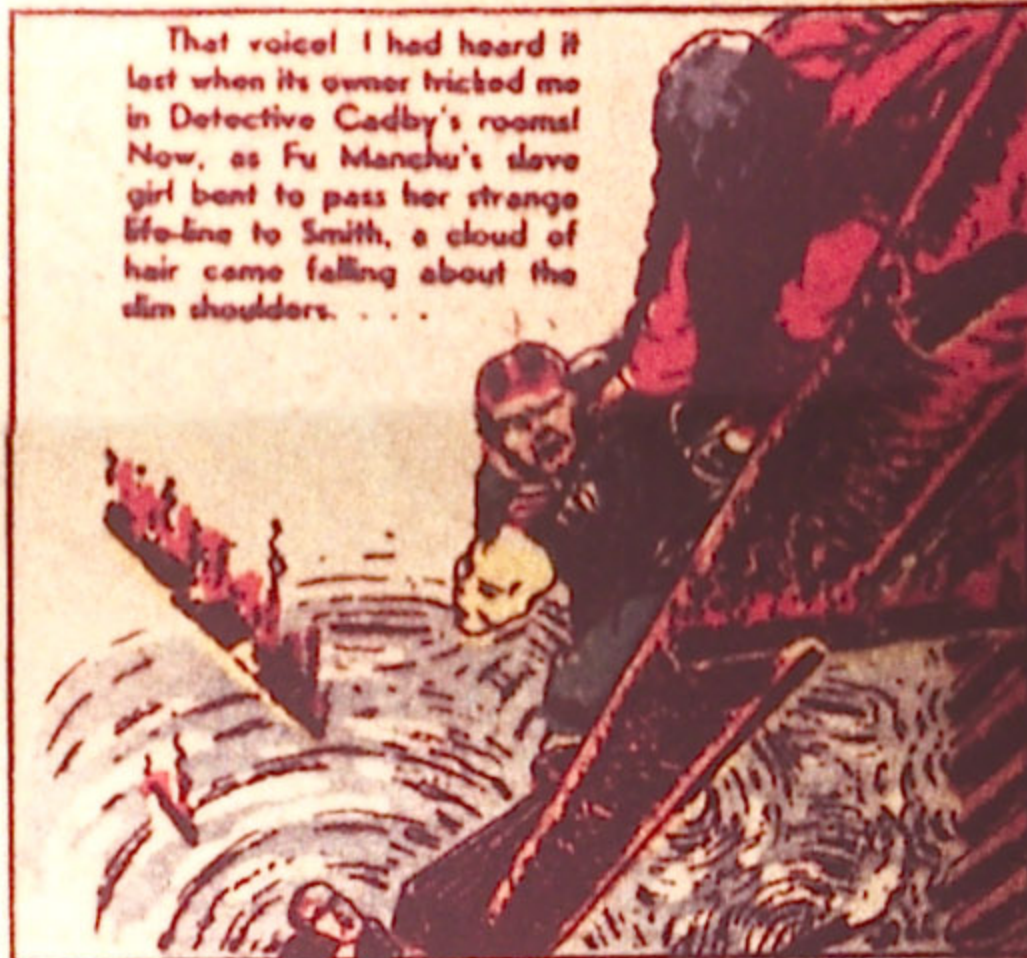
And I heard a voice I knew cry:

"Here! Here! Oh, be quick! You can lower this to him! Be quick!"

I think my astonishment saved my life, for I clung on with what little was left of my ebbing strength, gazing upward, spell-bound.

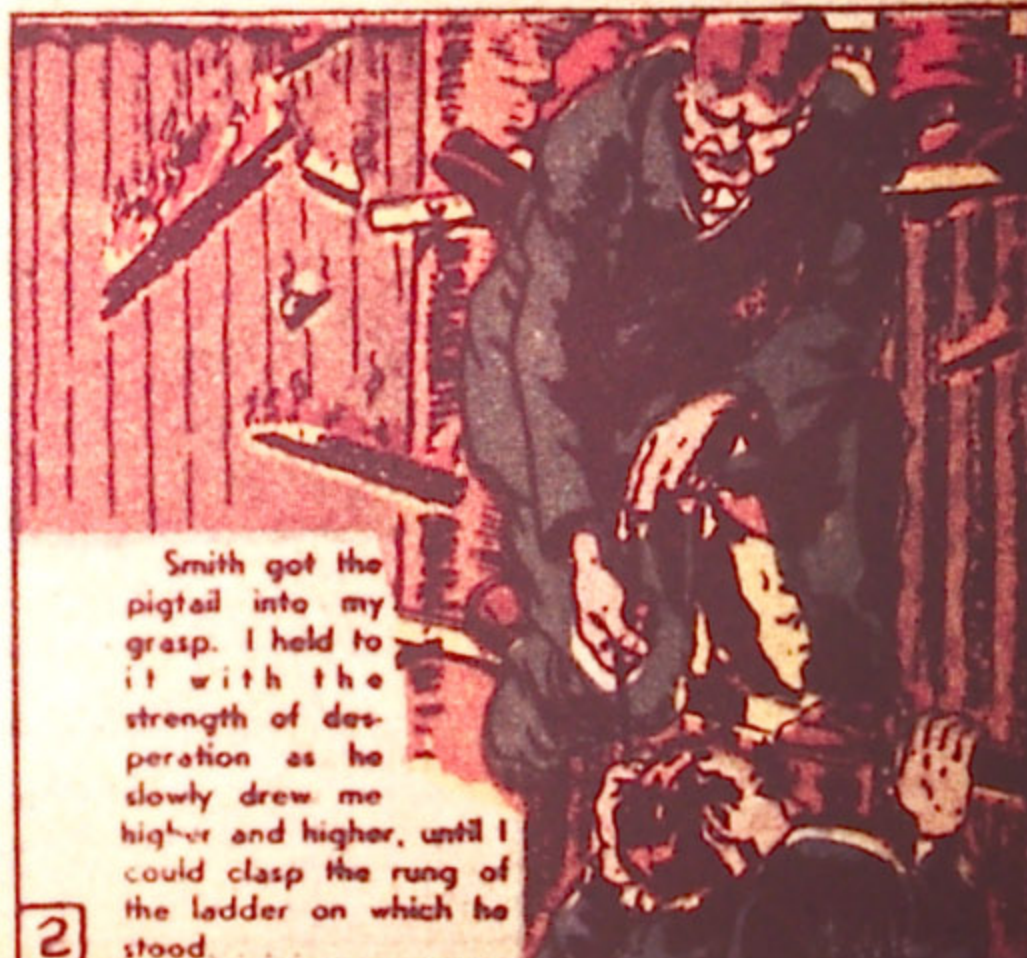


That voice! I had heard it last when its owner tricked me in Detective Cadby's room! Now, as Fu Manchu's slave girl bent to pass her strange life-line to Smith, a cloud of hair came falling about the slim shoulders. . . .

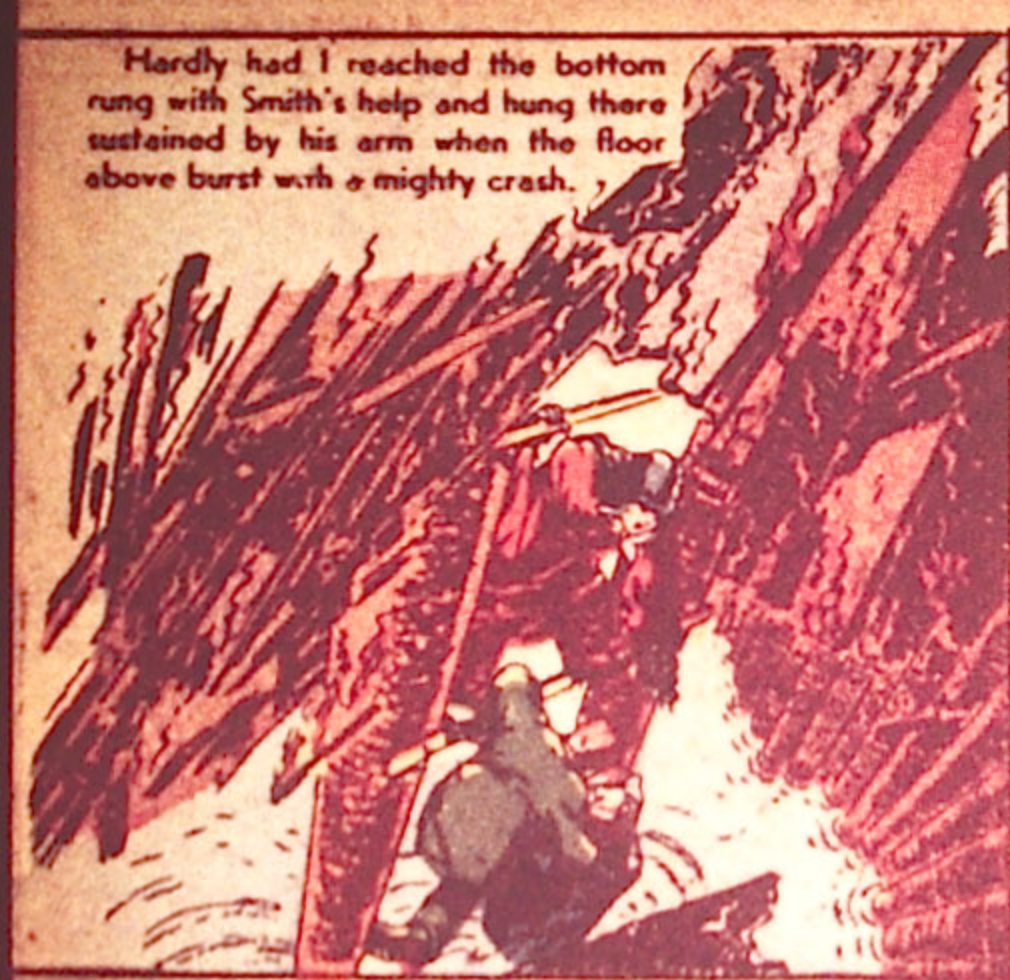


The girl clung to her precarious perch, leaning over to peer into the pit, while the fire roared above. I kept my gaze upturned to that beautiful, flushed face, and my eyes fixed upon hers—which were wild with fear—for me!

Smith got the pigtail into my grasp. I held to it with the strength of desperation as he slowly drew me higher and higher, until I could clasp the rung of the ladder on which he stood.



Hardly had I reached the bottom rung with Smith's help and hung there sustained by his arm when the floor above burst with a mighty crash.



"As you fell through the trap your shot broke the oil lamp over Fu Manchu's head." Nayland Smith told me while we clung to the ladder. "Shen Yan's whole place is in flames."



Smith pointed into the ruddy pit. "See that beam," he said. "Fu Manchu's devilish trap almost accounted for you, Petrie, as it did for Cadby, Mason, the dacoit and heaven knows how many more."



I saw in the glare of the flames, that two sword-blades, deadly keen, were riveted, edges up, along the top of the beam which only just now I had striven to grasp! "The Severed Fingers!" I cried.

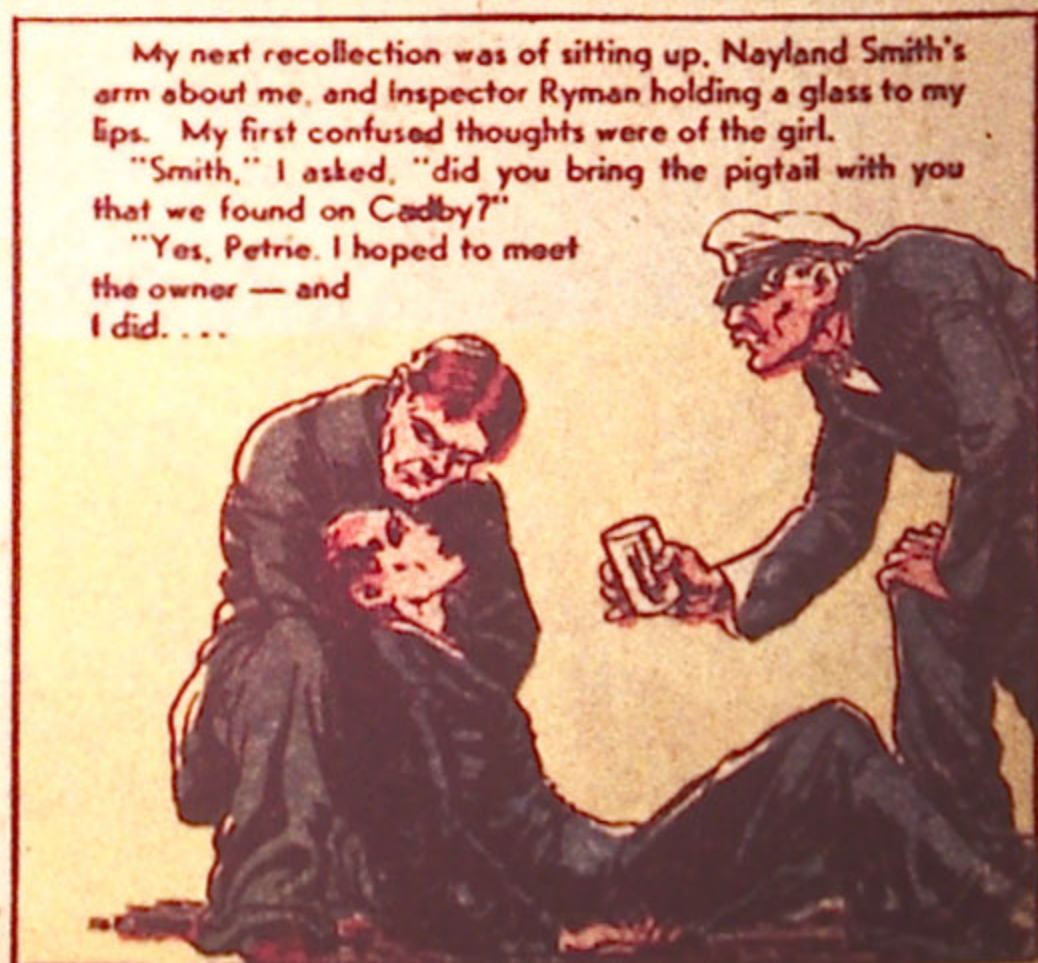


Half-fainting with the horror of what I had barely escaped, I thought only of getting out of that awful place, and turned my face upward. The trap door was open. There was no sign of the slave girl. "Smith!" I gasped. "She's gone!"

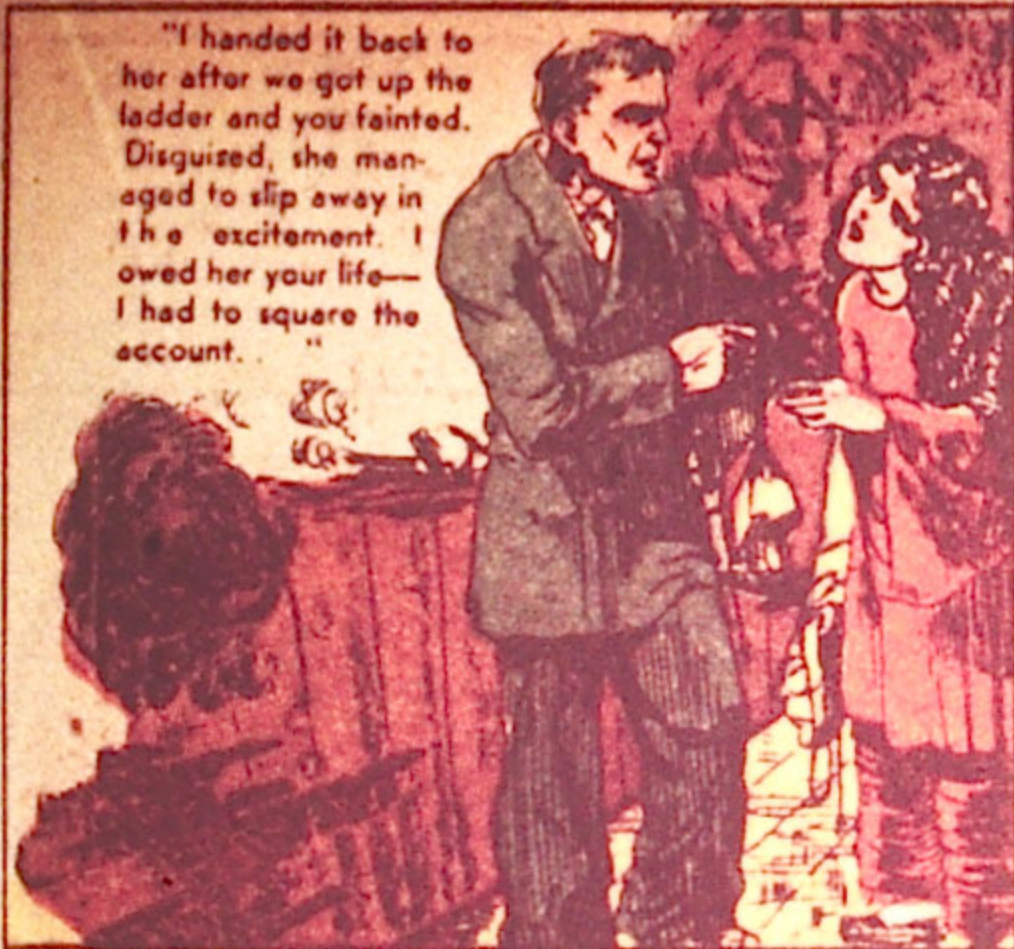
My next recollection was of sitting up, Nayland Smith's arm about me, and Inspector Ryman holding a glass to my lips. My first confused thoughts were of the girl.

"Smith," I asked, "did you bring the pigtail with you that we found on Cadby?"

"Yes, Petrie. I hoped to meet the owner — and I did. . . ."



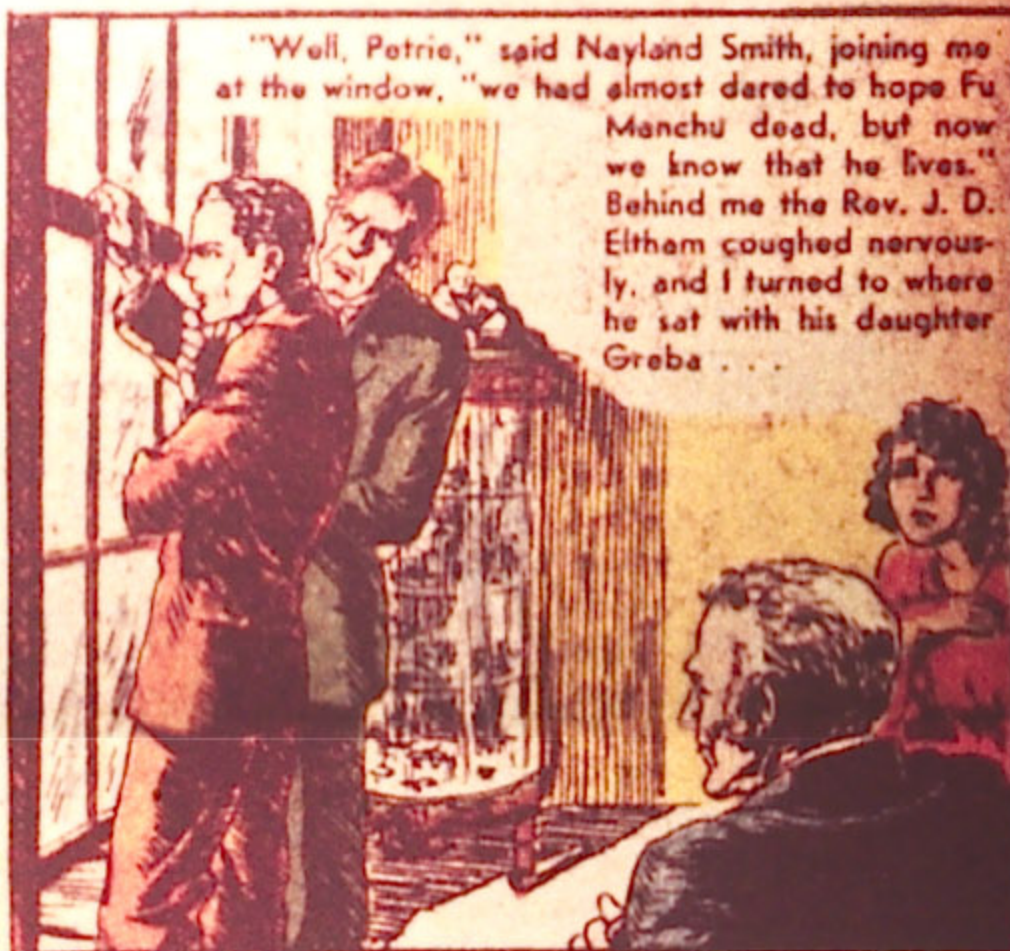
"I handed it back to her after we got up the ladder and you fainted. Disguised, she managed to slip away in the excitement. I owed her your life—I had to square the account."



Inspector Ryman had lent me a reefer, and he and Smith were helping me into a cab when another question demanded an answer of my bewildered senses.
"Fu Manchu? Did he get away..."



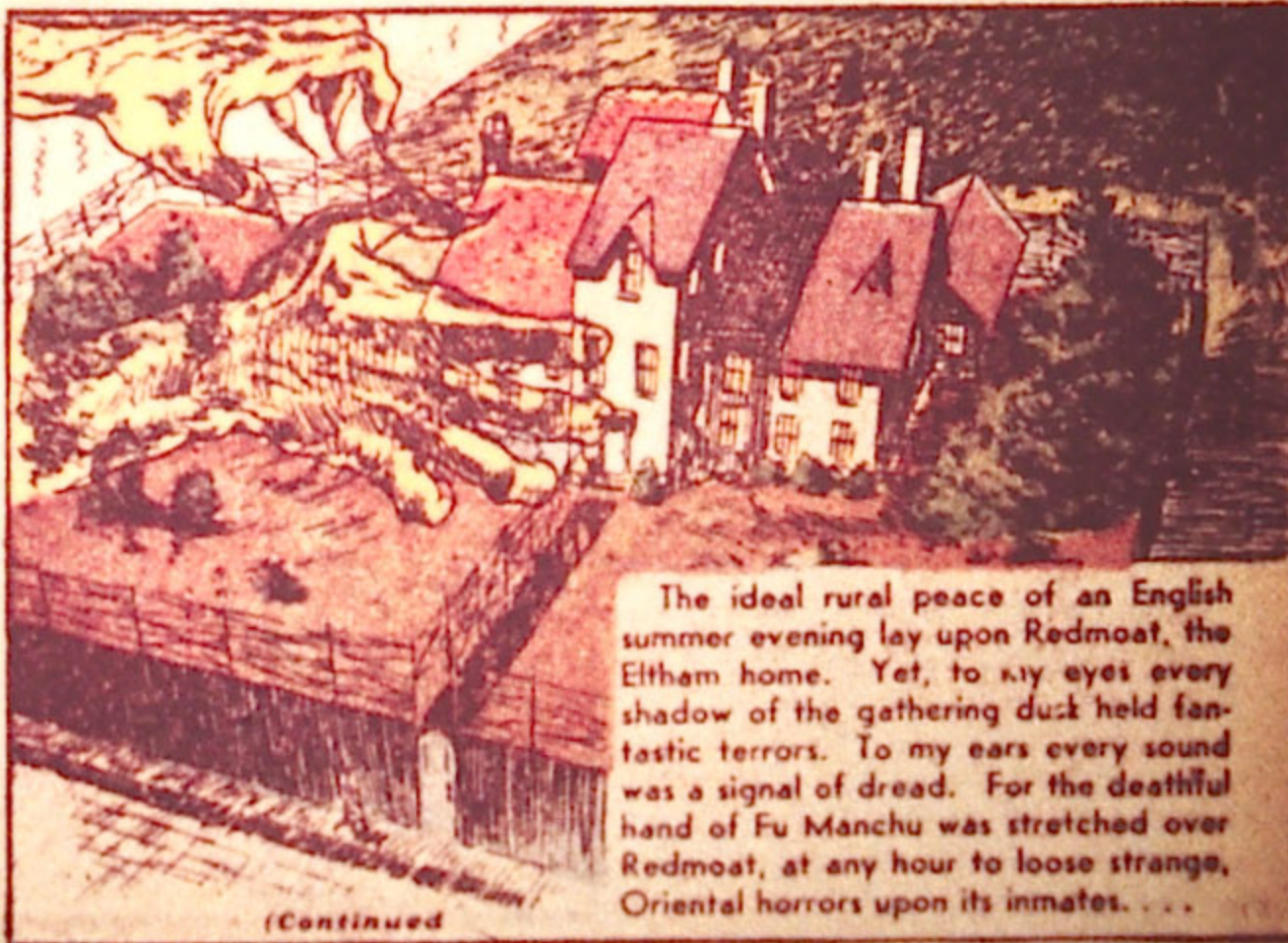
"There was some door at the back..." Smith replied slowly. "No one has seen him..."
"Do you think he may..."
"No," Smith rasped, "Not until I see him lying dead before me shall I believe it!"



"Well, Petrie," said Nayland Smith, joining me at the window, "we had almost dared to hope Fu Manchu dead, but now we know that he lives." Behind me the Rev. J. D. Eltham coughed nervously, and I turned to where he sat with his daughter Greba...

"You think I did right to send for you, Mr. Smith?" the clergyman asked.

"Mr. Eltham," Smith replied, "I am groping in the dark. I am today no nearer to the capture or death of Fu Manchu than when I left Mondaley for England. You offer me a clue. I am here."



The ideal rural peace of an English summer evening lay upon Redmoat, the Eltham home. Yet, to my eyes every shadow of the gathering dusk held fantastic terrors. To my ears every sound was a signal of dread. For the deathful hand of Fu Manchu was stretched over Redmoat, at any hour to loose strange, Oriental horrors upon its inmates...

(Continued)

SECRET SERVICE MAN



"THOSE papers must be found!" the Chief said softly but in a voice of steel. "By what manner or means I can't say but we must secure them immediately!"

He leaned forward on his desk and his piercing eyes met the steadfast gaze of his assistant, Jack Benson. Two other members of the Department of Secret Service sat at the side of the desk, absorbing every syllable the Chief uttered. The room was tense with an air of expectancy fraught with unknown danger.

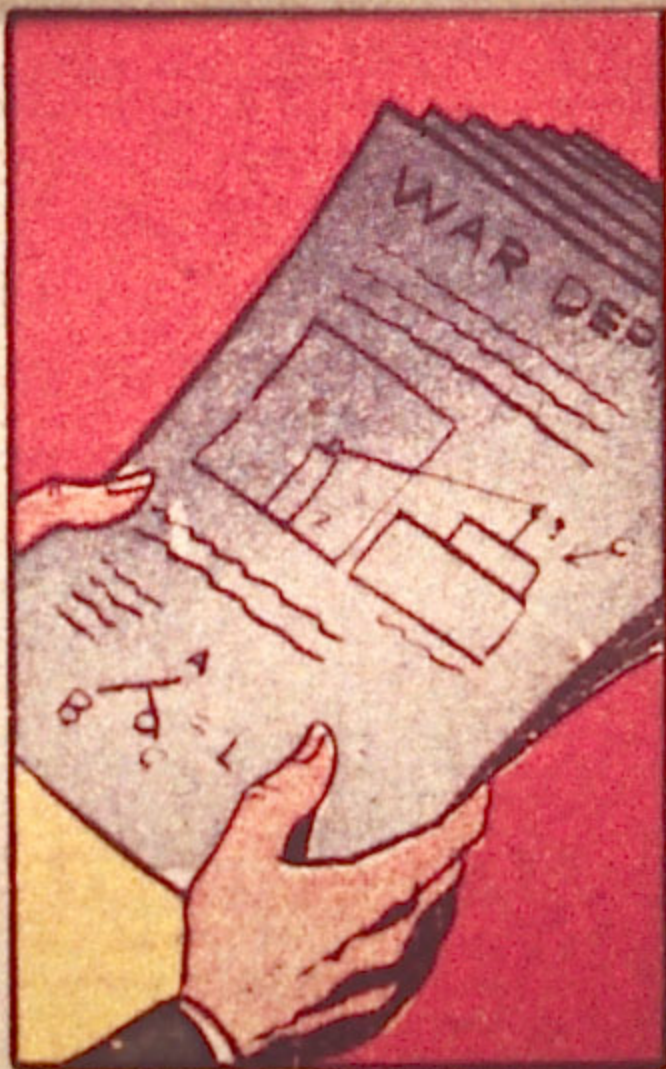
The Chief's clasping his hands together was a gesture of deliberation and decision. "Those six sheets of paper are of a priceless value to those persons in whose possession they unfortunately happen to be, at the present time," he repeated, weighing his words carefully. "And the responsibility of getting those papers back rests with you, Benson! I realize only too well the enormous task I'm handing you but the affair must be completed as swiftly and as quietly as possible. I know you'll do your utmost to fulfill this difficult assignment and I'm sure the whole, ugly, business will be cleared with absolute success!"

Jack wished he felt as optimistic about getting the papers back as the Chief sounded. He left the building and drove his little roadster through the heavy city traffic to the uptown hotel he had been living in during the past three weeks. He knew the Chief had made no over-

statement about the papers being of a "priceless value" to the persons who had cleverly stolen them from the offices of the War Department.

The thing had happened about a month ago in Philadelphia. After many years of intensive study and survey, the War Department had drawn up plans for two modern and practically invulnerable fortifications in line with the new series of defense movements Congress had proposed and approved. The plans were brought from Washington to Philadelphia for a conference with the various heads of the Department of Defense. And it was in the latter city that government agents of a foreign country, having secured advanced knowledge of the time and place of the meeting, installed one of their members in the building where the conference was assembled and succeeded in stealing the plans, despite all precautions.

Secret Service men were immediately sent to investigate and they presently learned that the foreign spies had fled northward with the precious documents. They established a residence in New York City and the United States government



By
Paul Dean

men pounced upon them, arresting five men and a woman. But the sought-for papers had mysteriously disappeared and the six persons were released, being that no evidence was found to convict them. However, they were watched constantly and it soon became evident that one Howard Krepp, a seemingly wealthy clubman living on Riverside Drive, was in league with the foreign agents.

Knowing this, Jack was assigned to establish a residence in the same building with Krepp. This he did and it was to this same hotel that he was now driving. Unless they were greatly mistaken, it was Krepp who now had the plans in his possession. And Jack meant to get those valuable documents back.

HE parked his car in front of the building and took the elevator up to his apartment on the 5th floor. The entrance to Krepp's apartment was directly opposite and Jack tried to formulate an idea of the layout, for having it would make it a great deal easier for him to search the place which he intended to do that evening.

He had a light supper and spent two hours after it sitting by his own door, with the transom above his head opened to catch the sound of Krepp's door when that gentleman left for his evening's pleasure.

At exactly 8:30 o'clock Jack heard the catch in the door "click". He got to his knees and peered through the keyhole. Krepp came out of his

apartment immaculately clad in evening clothes. His black mustache was trimmed and well-kept and Jack noticed that an ugly scar ran down the left side of his face.

Krepp disappeared into the elevator and Jack waited fully twenty minutes before he emerged from his own apartment. He stepped across the carpeted hallway and tried the other's door. It was locked, as Jack had anticipated, and it was but a matter of a minute or so before he gained access to the apartment. He closed the door behind him and pulled the green velvet curtains across the windows.

He pressed the light button and began a systematic search. He had to be most careful lest he leave evidence of his having been there; every article he moved, every piece of furniture he pulled aside had to be placed in the exact same position as he found them. The hours seemed to slip by with incredible swiftness and still Jack uncovered nothing that might link Krepp with the spy ring.

So intent was he in his search that Jack failed to hear the front door of the apartment open and close softly. He knelt by a low cabinet, carefully sorting the contents, when:

"Will you be so kind as to raise your hands above your head and turn around?"

The sound of the voice startled him. He obeyed the command and found himself gazing at a blue automatic held by Krepp. A sardonic smile played around the mouth of the latter as he motioned Jack, with



the point of the gun, to seat himself in a chair.

Krepp lit a cigarette. "I had an idea lately that I was being shadowed by someone and now I'm very happy to say that my guess was entirely correct. No doubt you were endeavoring to recover the plans of the new fortifications that were taken about a month ago? Well, your quest has ended, for I happen to have those documents right on my person." And he patted the breast pocket of his coat with his free hand.

The placid expression on Jack's face belied the swiftness with which his brain was functioning. Krepp had the long-sought-for plans and it was Jack's purpose to get them back. This would have to be accomplished immediately or else all was lost; for once Krepp left the apartment he would most certainly book passage on one of the several steamers leaving that night for Europe. That one thought blazed itself in Jack's mind: *Krepp must not leave the apartment!* That and that alone was the important issue and Jack felt the muscles in his body grow taut under its pressing command.

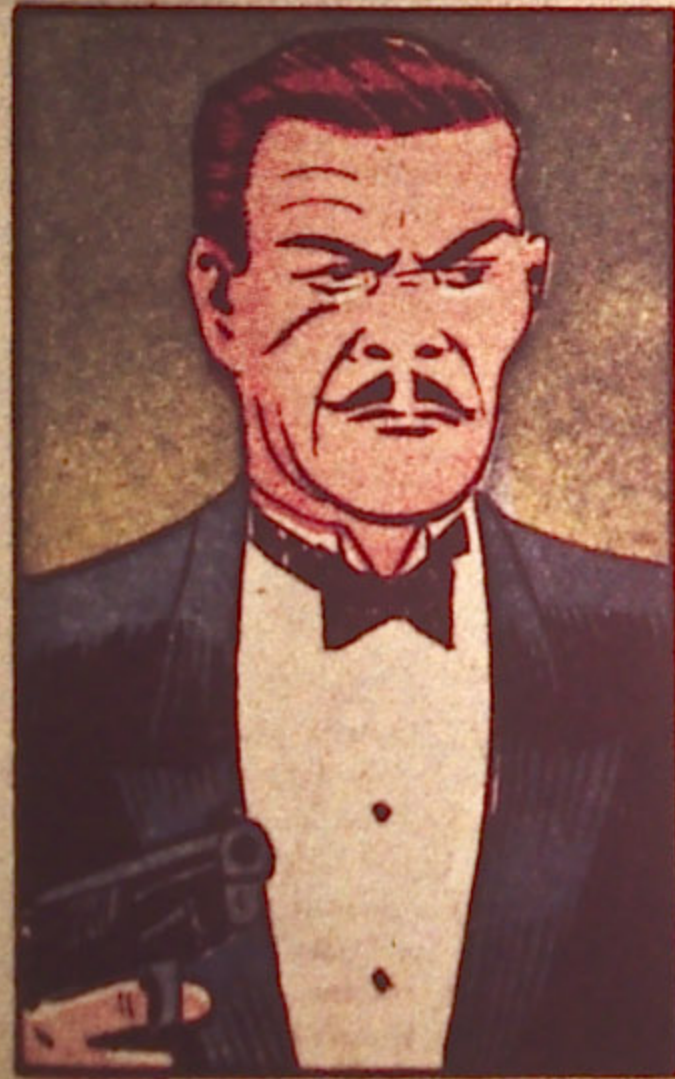
Then, as if a gigantic spring had been released, Jack leaped from the chair and flung himself upon Krepp. The automatic roared and Jack winced as the bullet ripped through his left shoulder. He brought his knee up suddenly and the automatic fell from Krepp's hand and clattered harmlessly to the floor. With a lightning-like uppercut that would do credit to Dempsey, Jack drove his right hand against his assailant's chin with paralyzing force and Krepp sank to the carpet, unconscious and completely unaware of what had hit him.

The pain in Jack's arm was agonizing and the blood flowed freely from the wound. Barely conscious himself, he stumbled to the phone and dialed the Chief's office down the Federal Building. The Chief picked up the receiver: "Yes?"

"Hello, Boss, this is Benson . . . rush up to the Bedford Hotel . . . Riverside Drive . . . apartment 5 . . . everything's okay . . . but hurry!"

They found Jack sprawled across the unconscious form of Krepp, weeping from the loss of blood but with the plans firmly gripped in his fist. "You came just about in time, Chief. I've tapped this fellow twice on the chin and I was afraid that if he came to a third time I wouldn't be strong enough to put him to sleep again."

THE END



How to be Funny

THE CREATORS OF
**SUPERMAN
SLAM BRADLEY
FEDERAL MEN
RADIO-SQUAD
and SPY**

HAVE PREPARED A
10 LESSON HUMOR COURSE

**HOW TO MAKE
PEOPLE LAUGH!**

FOR PARTICULARS WRITE TO
SIEGEL-SHUSTER SCHOOL
OF HUMOR—DEPT. DC,
10623 KIMBERLEY AVE
CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE CRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE POLICE, THE CRIMSON CARRIES ON THE WORK OF BEFFENDING THE HELPLESS. KNOWN AS THE CRIMSON TO ONLY HIS CHINESE SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE LEADER

Jim Chambers



IN BOTH CASES THE PILOTS BAILED OUT. CHECK ON THAT WILL YOU, MAC?

SURE, BOSS. IT DOES LOOK KINDA FUNNY.



MUST BE SOME FIENDISH CRANK BEHIND IT ALL. CANT JUST BE COINCIDENCE.



TWO YOUNG MEN ENTER LEE'S OFFICE.

MR. TRAVIS, WE WERE SENT ON FROM CHICAGO BY MR. HOFF. HE SAID YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP US FIND JOBS. WE'RE ENGINEERS.



WELL LET'S SEE. THERE'S H.A. POWERS, THE RUBBER MAGNATE. HE'S BEEN ADVERTISING FOR YOUNG MEN TO GO TO HIS SOUTH AMERICAN PLANT.

THANK YOU, SIR. WE'LL GO OVER AND SEE HIM.



ANYMORE REPLIES TO OUR AD., JENKS?

YES, MR. POWERS, THERE'S TWO YOUNG FELLOWS OUT THERE NOW.



AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF CONVERSATION—

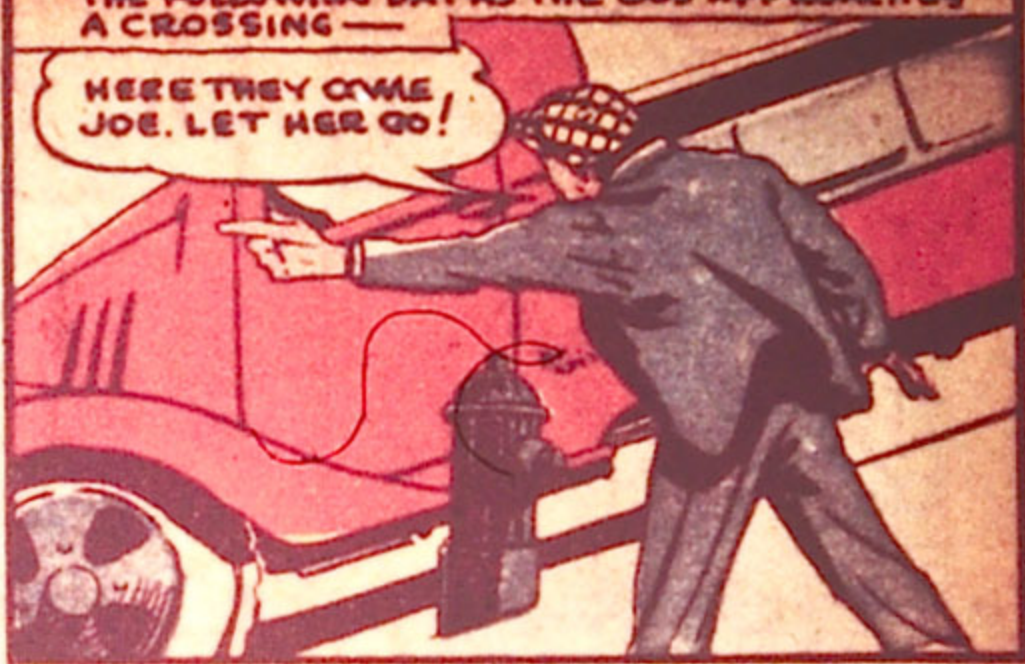
YOU'RE HIRED! I'LL GET YOUR TICKETS AND HAVE THEM AT THE AIRPORT. BE SURE TO TAKE THE 12 O'CLOCK AIR TRANSPORT BUS.

YES SIR AND THANK YOU SIR. WE'LL BE ON IT.

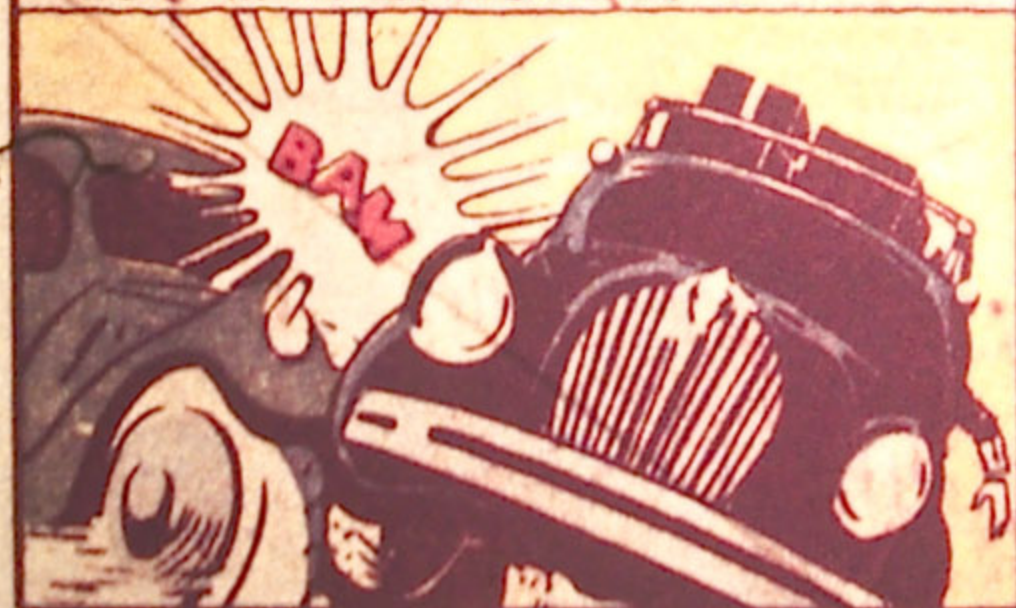


THE FOLLOWING DAY AS THE BUS APPROACHES A CROSSING—

HERE THEY COME JOE. LET HER GO!



BRAKES SCREECH AS THE BUS TRIES TO AVOID THE ONCOMING TRUCK—



I FEEL RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE TWO FELLOWS THAT WERE KILLED IN THAT BUS CRASH.

THEY HAVEN'T FOUND ANY DRIVER FOR THAT TRUCK YET!



THIS IS SURE COSTING THE AIRLINES INSURANCE CO. A LOT OF DOUGH!

INSURANCE—THAT'S IT! IT'S ONLY A QUARTER FOR \$5,000 WORTH.



MEANWHILE A HUGE TRANSPORT WINGING ITS WAY OVER THE FLORIDA KEYS—



— SUDDENLY BLOWS UP—



THAT SETTLES IT.
I'M GOING TO CHECK
THE PASSENGER LIST
FOR EACH PAST DISASTER.



MEANWHILE AT POWERS HOUSE—

I HATE TO DO IT,
POWERS, BUT WE'LL
HAVE TO TAKE YOUR
PLANT IF YOU DON'T
RAISE THOSE NOTES SOON.

I KNOW, BUT
I'M GETTING
THE MONEY
ALRIGHT. HERE'S
\$25,000 OF IT
ALREADY.



CALL UP THAT
PAPER AND FIND
OUT WHY WE HAVEN'T
MORE REPLIES TO
OUR ADD.

YES SIR, RIGHT
AWAY.



AT THE OFFICES OF THE GLOBE LEADER—

I GOT A HOT-TIP!
H. A. POWERS IS
ALMOST BANKRUPT!

HM, AND HE'S HIRING
DOZENS OF YOUNG
FELLOWS—WONDER



THE CRIMSON AVENGER!

KEEP YOUR EYES
OPEN, WING. I'M
GOING TO FIND OUT
WHAT POWERS HAS
UP HIS SLEEVE.

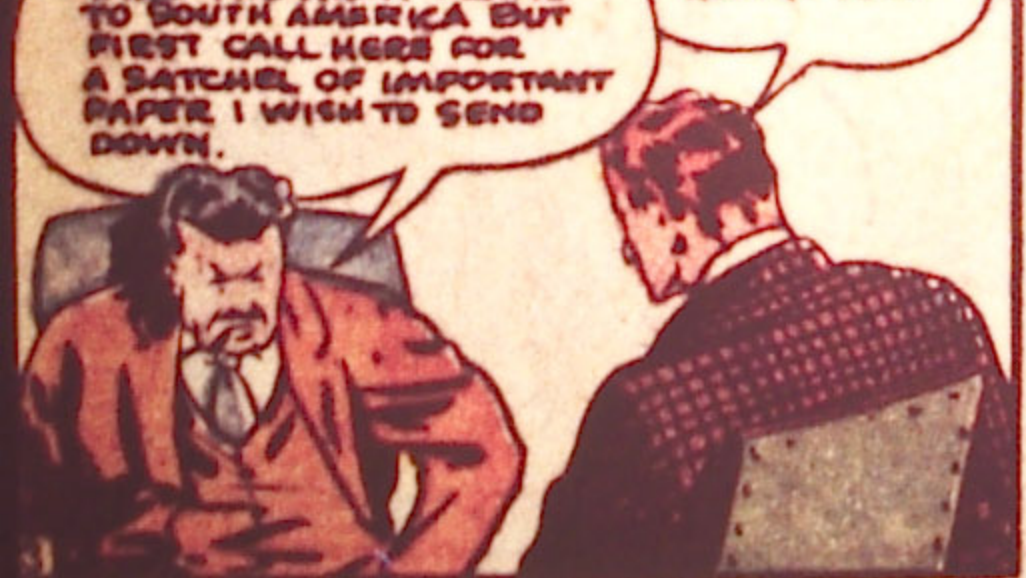


POWERS TALKS WITH A YOUNG MAN—



YOU'RE JUST IN TIME,
YOUNG FELLOW. YOU'LL
TAKE THE NIGHT PLANE
TO SOUTH AMERICA BUT
FIRST CALL HERE FOR
A SATCHEL OF IMPORTANT
PAPER I WISH TO SEND
DOWN.

YES SIR, I'LL
DO THAT, AND
THANK YOU.



THE CRIMSON SEARCHES POWER'S DESK—

HM—A TIME
DEVICE! I
GET THE SET
UP NOW.



THE FOLLOWING DAY—

ED, I WANT YOU TO BOOK PASSAGE ON THE NIGHT PLANE FOR SOUTH AMERICA. POWERS WILL BE ON IT—KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM.



MEANWHILE—

HAVE YOU EVERYTHING FIXED, JENNY?

YEAH SHE'S TUCKED AWAY SAFE. YOU CAN'T HEAR HER TICK.



ANXIOUS TO KEEP AN EYE ON POWERS, LEE GOES TO HIS ESTATE IN THE AFTERNOON—



HEY! LET GO—!

MR. POWERS DON'T LIKE SNOOPERS! WHO ARE YOU?



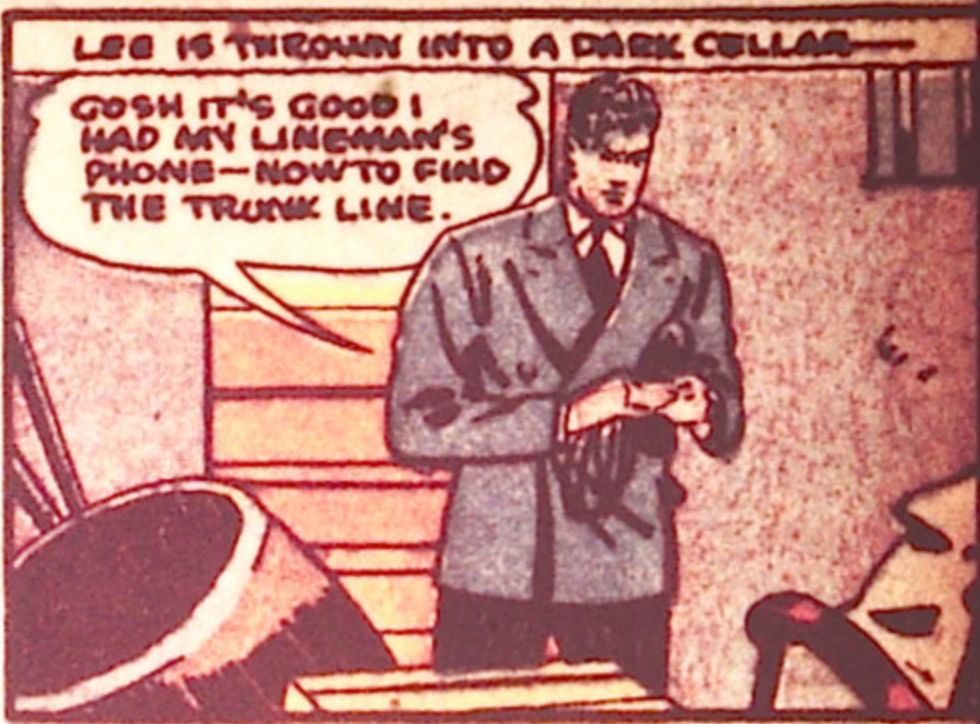
I'M A REPORTER—I'M TRYIN' TO GET A PICTURE FOR MY PAPER.

YEAH! WHERE'S YER CAMERA? C'MON WE GOT A PLACE FOR WISE GUY'S LIKE YOU!



LEE IS THROWN INTO A DARK CELLAR—

GOSH IT'S GOOD I HAD MY LINEMAN'S PHONE—NOW TO FIND THE TRUNK LINE.



AFTER HOURS OF WALL TAPPING—SUCCESS—

HELLO, WING! I'M LOCKED IN POWER'S CELLAR. GET A TICKET FOR POWERS AND PICK ME UP AT 9:30



PSST, WING! HERE I AM.



MEANWHILE AT THE FRONT—

AN, THERE YOU ARE.
YOU'LL HAVE TO HURRY
TO GET THAT PLANE.
HERE'S THE SATCHEL.

THANK YOU, SIR.



YOU'LL HAVE TO
HURRY BECAUSE
YOU'RE GOING TOO,
POWERS!

THE CRIMSON
AVENGER! -- BUT
HOW DID YOU—



FEAR IN HIS EYES, POWERS LUNGES AT
THE CRIMSON—



IF YOU WON'T GO
NICKELY, YOU'LL
GO THIS WAY!

OH—THAT GAS!
I CAN'T BR—



THE AIRPORT AND
STEP ON IT, WING!



DOESN'T LOOK LIKE
POWERS IS GOING
TO SHOW UP! GOSH,
WHO'S COMING?



HORN BLOWING AND BOTH THE CRIMSON
AND WING YELLING, THE CAR CAREENS
ONTO THE FIELD—



AS IT STOPS THE DOOR POPS OPEN—



GOOD NIGHT!
IT'S POWERS!
DEAD DRUNK.
GET HIM ABOARD.
HE'S GOING ON
THIS TRIP—

YEAH. HERE ARE
HIS TICKETS /
O.K., MEN LIST
HIM IN.

THE HUGE PLANE TAKES OFF—

ONCE IN THE AIR, POWERS COMES TO —

OH--WHERE
AM I!

YOU'RE ON THE
SOUTH AMERICAN
NIGHT PLANE, SIR.
CAN I HELP YOU?

THE NIGHT
PLANE!
MY GOD!
WHERE IS
HE?

WHY MR. POWERS
I DIDN'T—

NEVER MIND,
YOU FOOL! GIVE
ME THAT SATCHEL!

CERTAINLY, BUT
YOU—

POWERS FLINGS THE SATCHEL THRU THE
WINDOW AND A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION
FOLLOWS —

BOOM

WELL POWERS CONFESSED
TO ALL THE AIRLINE
"ACCIDENTS" BUT HOW DID
YOU FIGURE THIS ONE CHIEF
AND HOW COME THE CRIMSON
DRAGGED HIM TO THE AIRPORT.

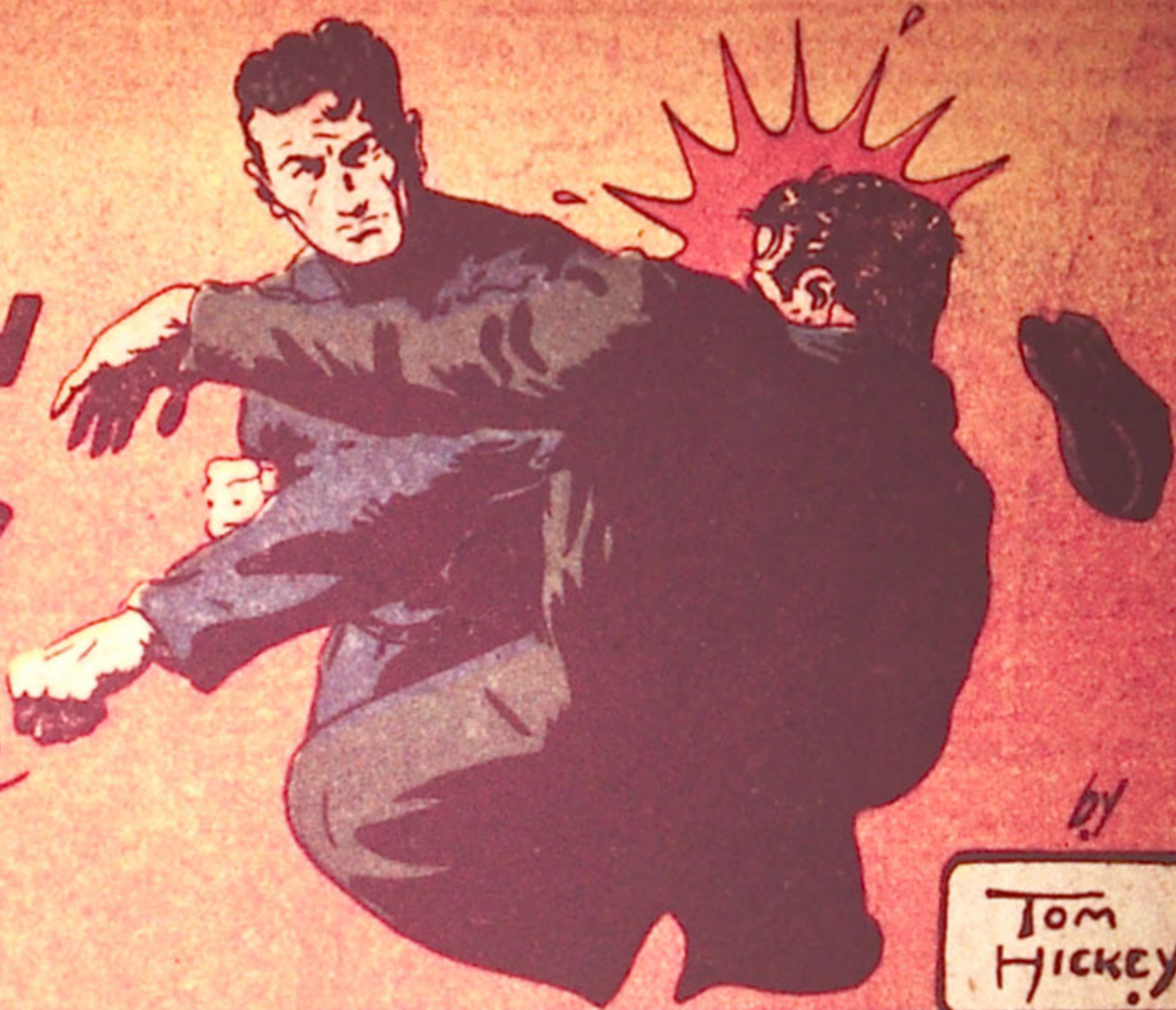
THAT'S A HEAP
OF QUESTIONS, ED.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT
THE CRIMSON ANGLE,
BUT I FIGURED POWERS
WAS COLLECTING \$5,000
OR MORE ON EACH
FATALITY.

IF YOU
LIKED THIS
ONE—DON'T
MISS THE
NEXT
CHAPTER
OF THE
CRIMSON
AVENGER—

BRUCE NELSON

IN

Back from
the
DEAD.!



by
Tom Hickey

THE THREE BANK ROBBERS MADE A
PEAK FOR THE WOODS FROM THEIR
PLACE OF CONCEALMENT BEHIND THE
FALLEN TREE TRUNK.

"DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY THIS TIME,
MEN! AFTER THEM!"



RUNNING LIKE FRIGHTENED DEER,
GENTLEMAN JEFF UIRDONE, GORILLA AND
A THIRD MAN WENT CRASHING THRU THE
UNDERBRUSH. THE FOURTH WAS DEAD,
KILLED EARLIER IN THE GUN BATTLE.



SHOOTING ACCURATELY WHILE ON THE
DEAD RUN, NELSON BROUGHT DOWN ONE.



FEARS DROPPED ANOTHER, BUT THE
WILD REACHED THE WOODS AND DARTED
INTO THE DENSE UNDERBRUSH.



GROGAN, YOU AND MEARS STAY WITH
THESE TWO MEN. THE CHIEF AND I WILL
GO IN AFTER THE OTHER ONE.



A FRUITLESS SEARCH OF THE WOODS
FOLLOWED. WELL, I GUESS HE GOT
AWAY. LET'S GO BACK AND SEE WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE OTHER TWO.



RIGHT!

ONE O' THEM IS DEAD MR. NELSON.
THE OTHER JUST WOUNDED IN THE LEG.

O.K. GROGAN.
I'LL TAKE A LOOK
AT THE DEAD ONE
FIRST.

HEY! LOOK HERE! THIS IS
VIRDONE ISN'T IT?

DARNED IF IT DON'T
LOOK LIKE HIM.

WHO'S YOUR PAL?
IT'S VIRDONE, ISN'T IT?

HUH? - WHY - AM - YEA!
DAT'S HIM. GENTLEMAN
JEFF
VIRDONE.

AND WHO'S THE ONE WE
KILLED FIRST?

DAT'S BLACKIE O'DOURKE,
POOR OLD BLACKIE.

AND THE ONE THAT GOT
AWAY, WHO'S HE?

I'VE TOLD YA ENOUGH
ALL READY COPPER.
YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT
FOR YOURSELF. I AIN'T
TALKIN' NO MORE.

LEAVING GROGAN TO GUARD THE TWO
BODIES, THEY BUNDLED THE WOUNDED
GORILLA INTO THE POLICE CAR AND HEADED
BACK TO CARUEL.

THAT EVENING WITH GORILLA IN THE HOSPITAL
AND THE TWO GANGSTERS IN THE MORGUE, NELSON BID
GOOD BYE TO CHIEF HANSON.

WELL CHIEF, NOW THAT THE
VIRDONE GANG IS BROKEN UP,
I'LL BE HEADED BACK TO THE
BIG CITY, ALTHOUGH I'D SURE
LIKED TO HAVE NABBED
THAT OTHER FELLOW.

I'VE SENT OUT AN ALARM FOR HIM. IF ANYTHING TURNS
UP I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU. GOOD BYE NELSON, AND
THANKS.

A MONTH LATER IN THE TOWN OF PUTNAM, ABOUT ONE HUNDRED MILES WEST OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.

WELL HERE WE ARE MR. WATSON. THIS IS THE PLACE.

AH, YES, SO IT IS!



NONSENSE! IT'S JUST THE STYLE MY WIFE HAS BEEN LOOKING FOR. WE CAN FIX IT UP TO SUIT OURSELVES - CAN'T WE DEAR?

WHY OF COURSE WE CAN.



ALL RIGHT MR. RICE. IT SUITS US PERFECTLY. HERE'S A MONTH'S RENT IN ADVANCE.

THANK YE.



I'M THE RENTING AGENT FOR THE BANK MR. WATSON. AND WE HAVE LOTS OF NICE PLACES I COULD SHOW YOU. I DON'T LIKE TO RENT YOU THIS PLACE. IT HASN'T BEEN OCCUPIED IN SIX YEARS. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED.



LET'S GO IN.

O.K. YOU'RE THE DOCTOR. BUT I'M WARNING YOU, IT'S PRETTY CREEPY!

QUEER PEOPLE! IMAGINE ANYONE WANTING TO RENT THAT OLD DUMP. -IT DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT.



THIS IS PERFECT CAROL. JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

AND THAT OLD VEGETABLE CELLAR. IT'S JUST MADE TO ORDER.



OUT ON THE PACIFIC COAST WHERE BRUCE NELSON IS VACATIONING—

I SEE THERE'S BEEN A SERIES OF ROBBERIES COMMITTED WITHIN A RADIUS OF THREE HUNDRED MILES AROUND CLEVELAND. THE GANG OPERATES IN THE SAME STYLE AS THE OLD GENTLEMAN JEFF WIRDONE OUTFIT.

I'M GOING TO LOOK IN ON THIS. IF THIS BUNCH OPERATES THE SAME AS WIRDONE'S GANG, IT'S A 100 TO 1 SHOT THAT THE GUY THAT ESCAPED US AT CAMEL IS MIXED UP IN IT.



SO NELSON PACKED UP, BOARDED A TRAIN AND SPED EASTWARD TOWARDS CLEVELAND.

NELSON INTRODUCED HIMSELF TO POLICE COMMISSIONER CLAYTON AND TOLD HIM OF HIS CONNECTION WITH THE WIRDONE CASE AND OF HIS SUSPICIONS REGARDING THE PRESENT SERIES OF ROBBERIES.

MAYBE YOUR SUSPICIONS ARE CORRECT MR. NELSON, ANYWAY I'M GLAD TO HAVE YOU WORKING WITH US.

THAT EVENING NELSON MULLED OVER THE INFORMATION AND CLUES PRESENTED TO HIM BY COMMISSIONER CLAYTON.

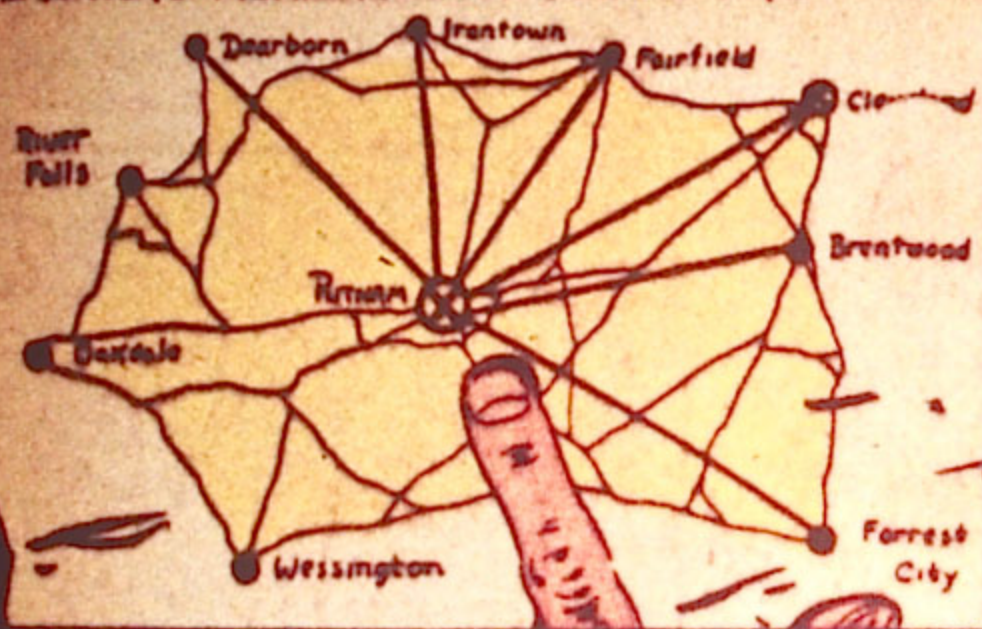
THE NEXT DAY HE PRESENTED THE COMMISSIONER WITH A MAP HE HAD DRAWN UP.

HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING I DREW UP LAST NIGHT COMMISSIONER. MY GUESS IS, THESE MEN ARE OPERATING OUT OF THE CITY OF PUTNAM.

LOOK HERE! JOBS HAVE BEEN PULLED SO FAR IN DEARBORN, IRONTOWN, FAIRFIELD, YOUR OWN CLEVELAND, BRENTWOOD AND FORREST CITY.



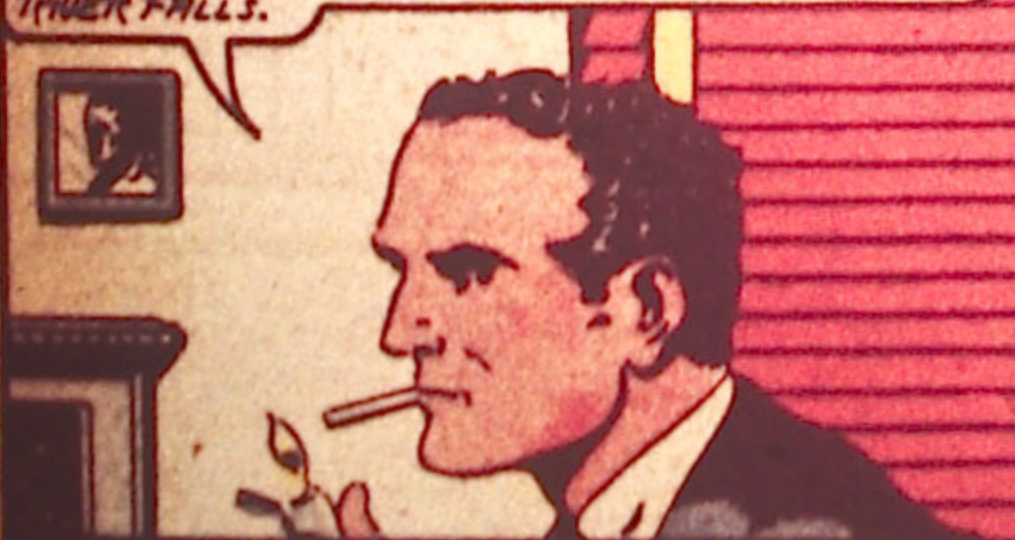
NOW BY DRAWING A LINE FROM EACH OF THESE CITIES INTO THE CENTER OF THE MAP YOU'LL FIND THEY CONVERGE AT PUTNAM.



USING PUTNAM AS A HUB, YOU'LL FIND THERE ARE THREE FAIRLY LARGE CITIES SOUTHWEST, WEST AND NORTHWEST OF PUTNAM. NAMELY, WESSINGTON, OAKDALE AND RIVER FALLS.



WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THEY PULL THEIR NEXT JOB BEFORE WE CAN PUT MY THEORY INTO PRACTISE. BUT MY GUESS IS, IT WILL BE IN EITHER WESSINGTON, OAKDALE OR RIVER FALLS.



BUT HOW DID YOU COME TO THE CONCLUSION THEY'RE OPERATING OUT OF PUTNAM?

IF YOU NOTICE ON THIS MAP, ALL THESE JOBS ROTATE AROUND PUTNAM.



WELL, IF YOU WERE IN HIDING IN A CERTAIN PLACE YOU WOULD NATURALLY TRY TO DIRECT ANY INVESTIGATION AWAY FROM THAT SPOT. RIGHT?



AND AS I SAID BEFORE, ALL THESE ROBBERIES HAVE BEEN PULLED AROUND PUTNAM BUT NONE BY PUTNAM.



IF MY THEORY IS CORRECT, AFTER THEY HIT WESSINGTON, OAKDALE AND RIVER FALLS, THEY PULL A JOB IN PUTNAM AS A FINALE AND THEN MOVE ON TO SOME OTHER PART OF THE COUNTRY.



WE'LL WAIT AND SEE IF THEY TOUCH ONE OF THOSE PLACES NEXT AND THEN WE'LL MOVE ON TO PUTNAM AND TRY TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.



FOR RELAXATION, NELSON DINED THAT NIGHT WITH LOVELY BILLIE BRISON, HIS ACCOMPLICE ON HIS PREVIOUS MURDER CASE, DUBBED BY THE NEWSPAPERS "THE SONG OF DEATH".



TWO DAYS LATER HE RECEIVED A CALL FROM CLAYTON.



YOU WERE RIGHT NELSON. THAT GANG ROBBED THE FARMER'S TRUST CO. IN WESSINGTON LAST NIGHT.

THEY DID, EN! THAT MEANS THEY'LL STRIKE IN EITHER OAKDALE OR RIVER FALLS NEXT. WE'VE GOT TO GET BUSY AT ONCE COMMISSIONER.



RIGHT NELSON! — I'LL SEND ONE OF MY CRACK MEN, INSPECTOR HENDERSON UP FOR YOU IMMEDIATELY. GET OVER TO PUTNAM AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND OUT. GOOD LUCK!



YOU'RE INSPECTOR HENDERSON? GLAD TO KNOW YOU. WE'D BETTER GET GOING. WE'VE A MAN SIZED UP ON OUR HANDS.



THE POWERFUL POLICE CAR ROARED OUT LAKESIDE BOULEVARD TOWARDS PUTNAM.



UPON REACHING PUTNAM THEY MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF POLICE CHIEF DAVIS.



CHIEF DAVIS, HAS THERE BEEN ANY NEW ARRIVALS IN TOWN IN THE PAST COUPLE OF MONTHS THAT HAVE AROUSED ANY SUSPICION?

NO-O-O — THERE HAS BEEN ONE RATHER QUEER INCIDENT. THE OLD SHELDRAN HOUSE, WHICH HAS BEEN UNOCCUPIED FOR SIX YEARS AND SUPPOSE TO BE HAUNTED, HAS BEEN RENTED TO A COUPLE BY THE NAME OF WATSON.



Continued



COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN ♦ ♦

ABOUT TO ENJOY A QUIET EVENING AT HOME THE DOORBELL RINGS AND COSMO IS HANDED A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER.

HM, A LETTER FROM SHERIFF LOYD, EH? WHAT CAN HE WANT?

WHY NOW, MISTER COSMO, I THOUGHT IT WAS A LOVE LETTER.

Dear Cosmo—
Can you come up here to green count for a spell? I believe I'm on the track of a band of big time crooks. Don't refuse your intelligence course.

WELL, COZY FIRE-SIDE, I MUST LEAVE YOU AGAIN.

HIS CAR ROARS OVER THE WINTRY HIGHWAY.

GEE, LOYD! I'M GLAD TO BE HERE—THE ROADS ARE LIKE GLASS.

HELLO, COSMO.

SAY THIS IS A DEUCE OF A NIGHT TO CALL A MAN OUT. IT'S A DEAD RISK TO DRIVE IN THIS WEATHER.

BAH COSMO! YOU SIMPLY THRIVE ON RISKS—COME, INSIDE AND WE'LL TALK OF ANOTHER RISK THAT DOES NOT DEAL WITH DAME NATURE.

THESE HILLS, AS YOU KNOW, HAVE CONCEALED SOME OF THE WORST CRIMINALS OF ALL TIME; LEG DIAMOND, DUTCH SCHULTZ, BABY FACE CARLO ARE BUT A FEW KNOWN TO HAVE HIDDEN HERE. NOW I BELIEVE A NEW GANG HAS MOVED INTO THIS COUNTY.



WHAT EVIDENCE HAVE YOU TO THINK SO, LOYD?



LOOK IN HERE - I FOUND THESE THREE BODIES RIDDLED WITH MACHINE GUN BULLETS. THEY WERE ALL MEMBERS OF MA-PIERCE'S GANG.



THEN IN A NEARBY CAVE I FOUND A CACHE OF GOLD AND JEWELRY

HM! THIS SOUNDS INTERESTING. HAVE YOU DISCOVERED THEIR MAIN HANG-OUT?



NO, THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN, COSMO

ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET AT IT. IT'S BEGINNING TO SNOW AND THAT WILL MAKE IT EASY TO TRACK THEM



YES, AND THEY CAN SEE WE ARE TRACKING THEM. THAT WOULDN'T BE SO GOOD.

HO! HO! NOT AT ALL LOYD. SEE THAT BEAR RUG? WE'RE GOING TO CATCH THEM WITH THAT.



-THAT IS IF YOU DON'T MIND IF I USE THE PAWS ON THAT RUG?

MAYBE I DO, NOW. BUT HOWEVER, IF YOU CAN CATCH ANYTHING WITH THOSE BEAR CLAWS GO A-HEAD AND USE THEM.



COSMO DEFTLY TRANSFORMS THE BEAR FEET INTO OVERSHOES TO FIT THEIR OWN FEET.

ALL RIGHT, LOYD, TRY THESE BALLET SLIPPERS ON YOUR LITTLE TOOTSIES



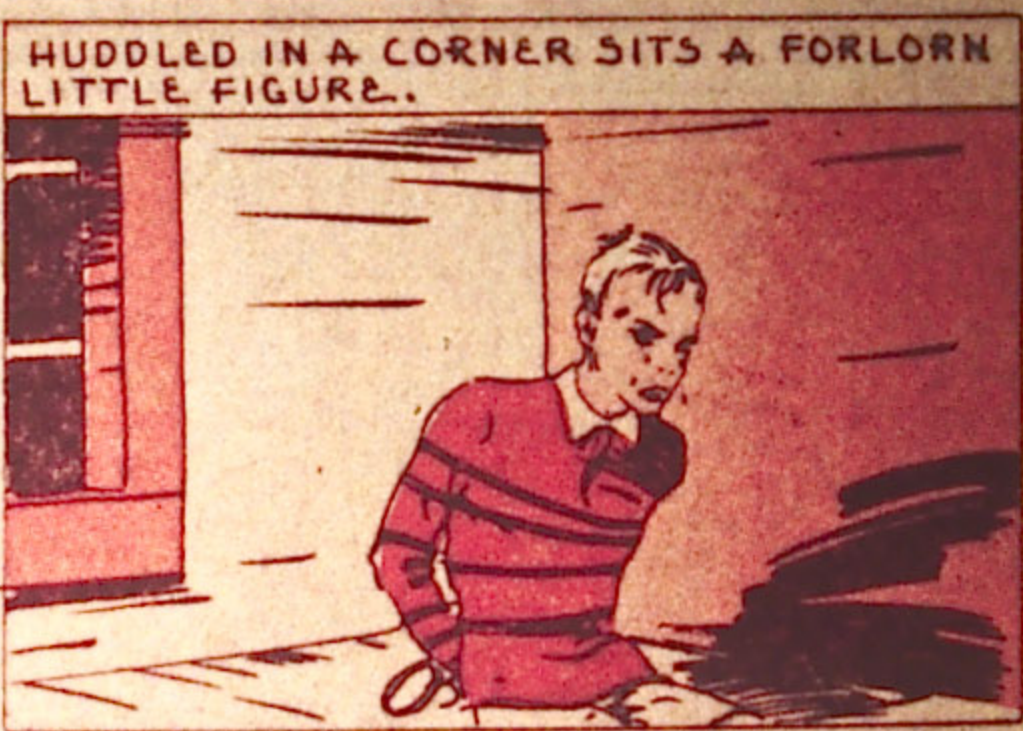
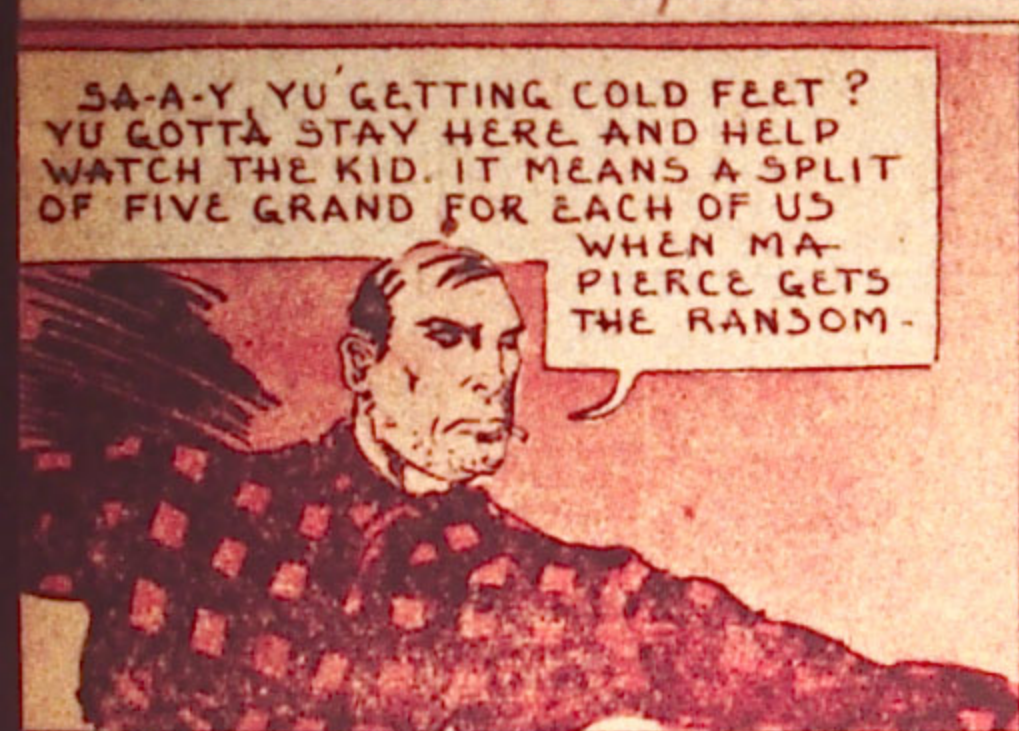
UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS THEY NEAR
THE DENSE FOREST COUNTRY



CLEARLY THE TRACKS SHOW IN THE
NEW-FALLEN SNOW.



WHILE IN THE CAMP OF THE OUTLAWS.



SAY, DID YOU
MAKE THAT NOISE?

NO - IT'S OUTSIDE.
THERE MUST BE
SOMEONE A-
ROUND

WITH GUNS DRAWN THE CROO'S SLIP
OUTSIDE.

HEY! LOOK!
THOSE TRACKS -
WHAT ARE
THEY?

GOSH - THEY
LOOK LIKE
BEAR TRACKS
TO ME

WHEW! THAT'S A
RELIEF. I THOUGHT
IT WAS THE STATE-
TROOPERS, SURE.

WELL, I
GUESS WE'RE
SAFE TONIGHT.
LET'S TURN
IN

TOWARD MORNING.
W-WHAT'S THAT
SOUND?

AW, GO ON TO SLEEP,
IT'S ONLY BIG
PAPA BEAR LOOK-
ING FOR YOU
LITTLE SNOWWHITE

RIGHT YOU ARE,
MUGS.
STICK THEM UP!

NO I DON'T!
ONE MOVE ON YOUR
PART AND THE KID'S
DEAD

TWO SHOTS RING OUT SIMULTANEOUSLY,
THE BOY SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR.

COSMO LEAPS FOR THE NEAREST CROOK



AS LOYD SETTLES THE OTHER WITH THE BUTT OF HIS GUN.



TOGETHER THEY TRUSS UP THE TWO OUTLAWS.

BUT THAT BOY, WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

I TRIED TO SAVE HIM BY SHOOTING THAT CROOK'S GUN OUT OF HIS HAND.



COSMO PICKS UP THE LIMP FORM.

WHY MAN, IT'S BABY REGINALD WHO WAS KIDNAPED LAST WEDNESDAY

IS HE DEAD?



NO, THANK GOD, THE BULLET HAS ONLY GONE THRU HIS SHOULDER, HE'S COMING TO NOW

POOR LITTLE KID



BUT HE'S FEVERISH. WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A DOCTOR IN A HURRY

BUT WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THESE TWO RATS?



LOCK THEM IN THE CELLAR, THEY WON'T FREEZE THERE. BIND AND GAG THEM SO THEY CAN'T CALL TO THEIR CONFEDERATES IF THEY SHOULD COME HERE.



COSMO AND LOYD WITH THE BOY RUSH FOR THE NEAREST FARM HOUSE, LEAVING ONLY BEAR TRACKS AS EVIDENCE BEHIND THEM.



THE DOCTOR IS HURRIEDLY CALLED

THE BOY HAS
PNEUMONIA-
HE'LL NEED
THE UTMOST
CARE

I'LL DO MY BEST FOR
THE LITTLE STRANGER,
DOCTOR.

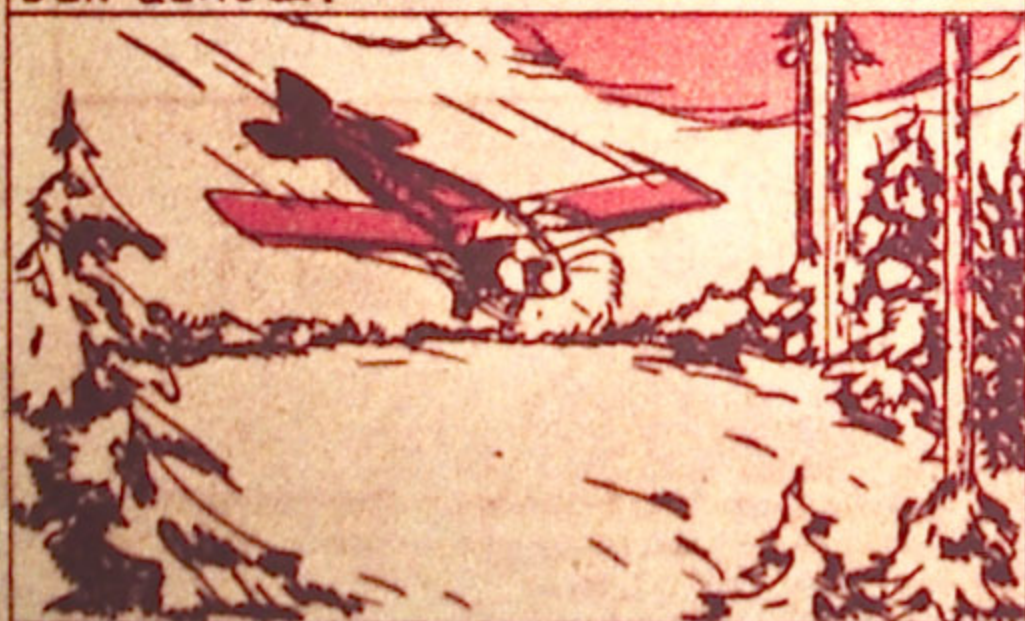


COSMO MAKES ANOTHER PHONE CALL.

-YES-CHIEF, YOU SAY THE RANSOM HAS
BEEN PAID FOR THE REGINALD BOY.
WELL, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU
WE'VE GOT MA PIERCE AND
HER GANG, THEY DID THE KID-
NAPING BESID- ES THREE
GANG MUR- DERS. THE
TROOPERS ARE BRING
ING THEM
IN



A PLANE CAREFULLY LANDS IN A HID-
DEN GLADE.



AS MA PIERCE NEARS THE HIDEOUT.



WELL, WELL,
MA PIERCE,
HERSELF--
COME ALONG, OLD
GIRL, THIS IS YOUR
LAST JOB

WH--

LET GO MY ARM,
SMART GUY, I'LL
WALK ALONG - I
KNOW WHEN THE
JIGS UP

WELL THEN, GET
ON. WE'VE GOT A
LONG WALK FOR
YOU



THE PILOT, MA PIERCE AND THE TWO
BOUND CROOKS ARE PILED INTO THE
CAR AND TAKEN TO HEADQUARTERS.

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU WISE FOOLS
IS YOU THINK YOU CAN GET SOME-
THING FOR NOTHING IN THIS WORLD
AND YOU UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER
OF LAW AND JUSTICE -



WHILE AT THE BARBART'S FARM A
TEARSTAINED MOTHER KNEELS AT THE
BEDSIDE OF HER BOY.

MY POOR, POOR
LITTLE BABY



HOW CAN I EVER
THANK YOU,
COSMO, FOR
RESCUING
MY BOY?
BUT FOR
YOU DOC-
TOR COLE
SAYS
I'D
HAVE
LOST
HIM

THEN, AS A FAVOR TO
ME, REMEMBER MISSIS
BARBART WITH
YOUR RICHES
SHE HAS GIV-
EN HER UN-
STINTED DE-
VOTION AND
CARE TO BRING
YOUR BOY -
THRU.



SLAM

by JERRY
SIEGEL
AND JOE
SHUSTER

BRADLEY

THIS BEATS USIN'
A PUNCHIN' BAG,
ANYTIME!

MET SLAM BRADLEY, TWO FISTED
PRIVATE DETECTIVE! OSTENSIBLY
HIS JOB IS TRACKING DOWN CRIMINALS
AND POCKETING THE REWARD MONEY
BUT HIS PARTNER PAL, SHORTY MORGAN,
SOMETIMES WONDERS WHETHER SLAM'S
REAL INTEREST ISN'T THE FIST BATTLES
HE INEVITABLY ENCOUNTERS!



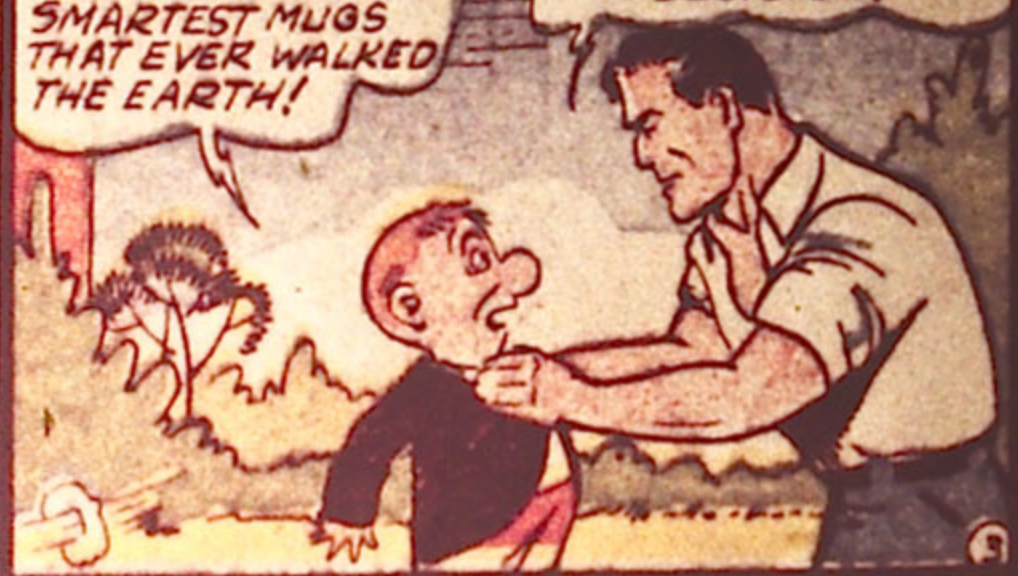
NOW WHY'D YA HAFTA
SOCK HIM. I THOUGHT HE
WAS A PAL OF YOURS!

HE WAS! IMAGINE
TH' NERVE OF THAT
GUY, SAYIN' I WAS
IGNORANT! IF WE
HADN'T ONCE BEEN
FRIENDLY, I'D OF
PULVERIZED HIM!



IGNORANT! YOU!
WHY, TH' IDEA!
YER ONE O' THE
SMARTEST MUGS
THAT EVER WALKED
THE EARTH!

SMART, MAYBE----
BUT NOT EDUCATED.
SHORTY, I'VE REACHED
A DECISION!



WE'RE GOIN' TO COLLEGE,
YOU AND ME, AN'
IMPROVE OUR MINDS!

WHAT?
NOT ME! NO-SIR-EE,
LEAVE ME OUTA THIS.

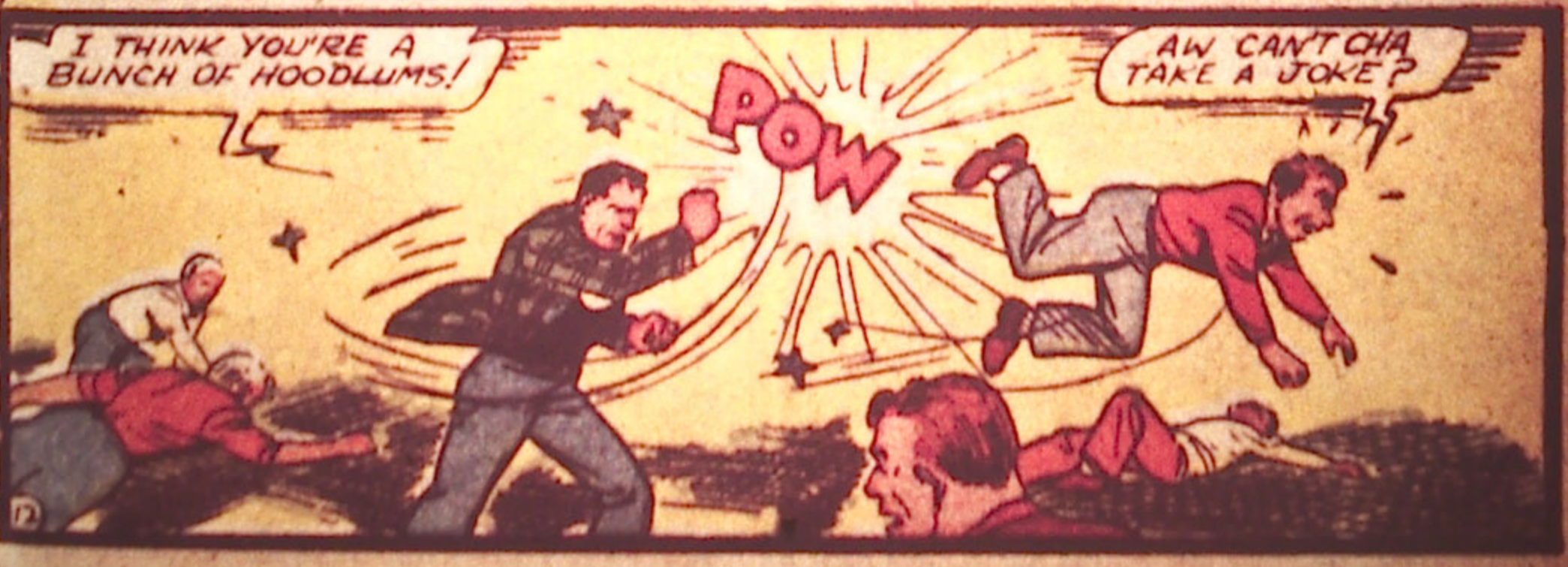
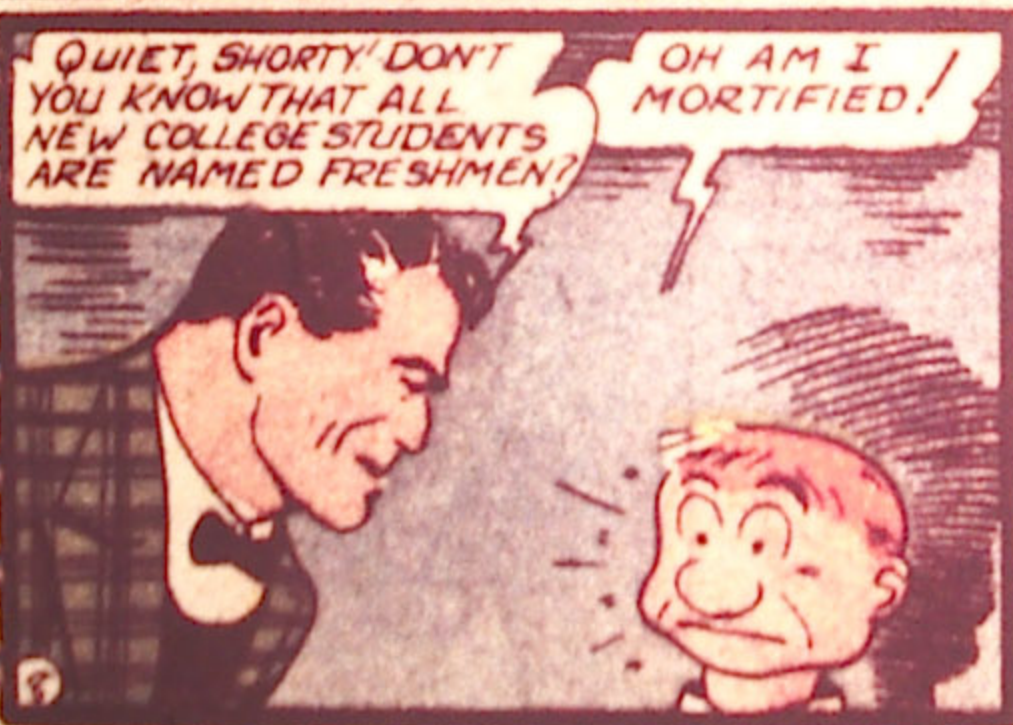
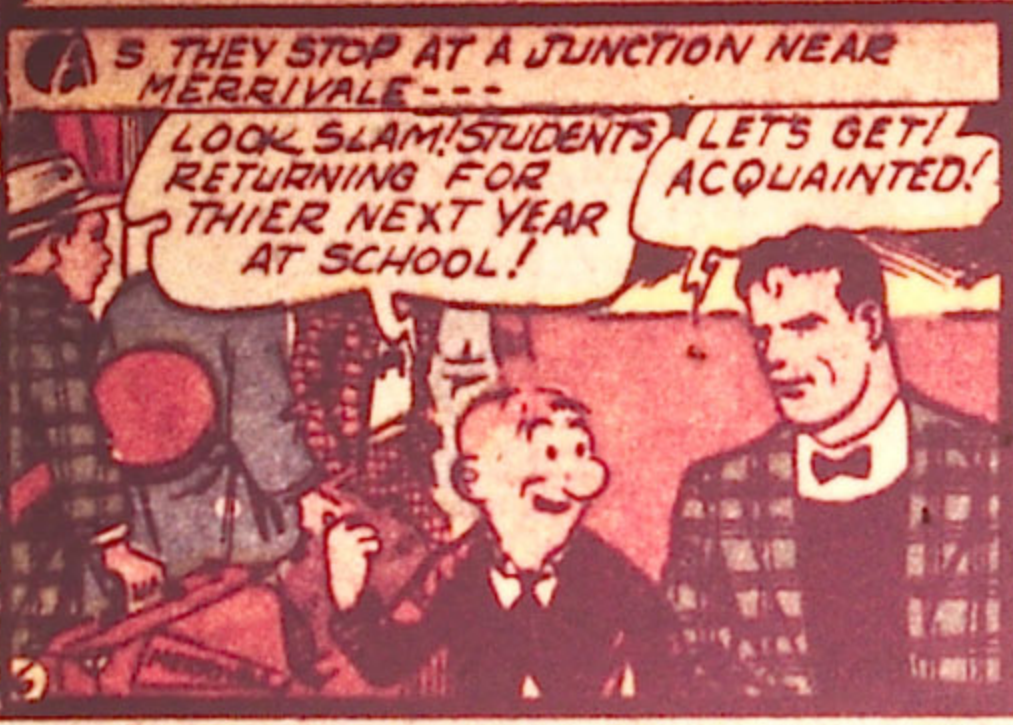


LATER - ABOARD A TRAIN BOUND FOR
MERRIVALE UNIVERSITY-----

SLAM! WE'RE
HEADED FOR TROUBLE!
DOGGONE-- I CAN FEEL
IT IN MY BONES!

IF WE ARE, IT
WONT BE THE
FIRST TIME!





SLAM, I THINK YOU MADE A MISTAKE IN CLEANING UP ON THOSE KIDS WHO HAZED YOU.

GUESS I LOST MY TEMPER - WELL, HERE WE ARE AT THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE.



WE WANT TO GO TO COLLEGE!

WOTTA WE GOTTA DO T'GET IN?

FILL OUT THESE CARDS, PLEASE!



SAY, SHORTY, HOW MANY "R"'S HAS THE WORD "ARITHMETIC" GOT IN IT?

DUNNO. WHAT BOTHERS ME IS HOW MANY "F"'S THERE ARE IN "PHILOSOPHY."



ARE YOU SERIOUS? WHY ACCORDING TO THESE CARDS NEITHER OF YOU EVEN FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL!

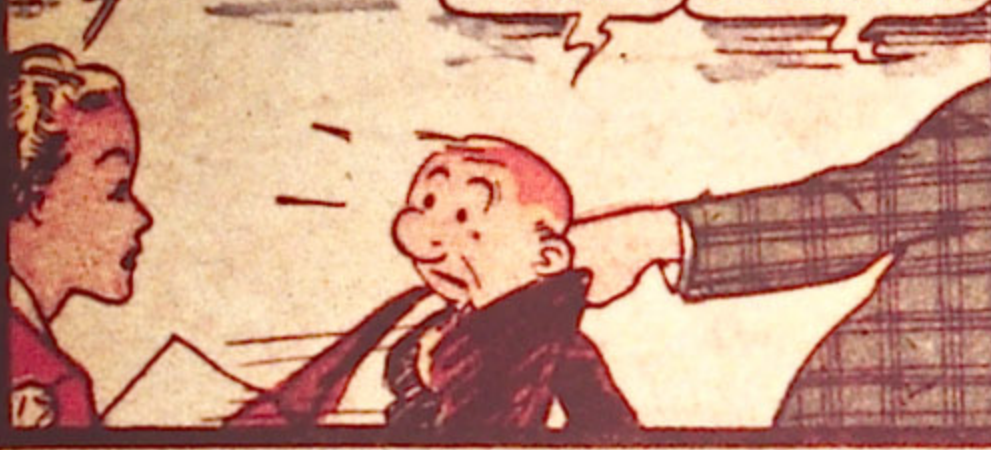
YEAH, BUT I CAN SHOW YOU MY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL DIPLOMA!



YOU CANT GO TO COLLEGE UNLESS YOU POSSESS CERTAIN ACCUMULATED SCHOOL CREDITS.

DOES THAT MEAN WE CAME ALL TH' WAY OUT HERE FOR NOthin'?

TH' HECK IT DOES! C'MON SHORTY! WE'RE GONNA HAVE A LITTLE TALK WIT TH' REGISTRAR!



I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT SINCE YOU DONT POSSESS THE PROPER CREDITS, I'M AFRAID WE CANT ADMIT YOU!

A FINE THING! TWO DETECTIVES SHOW UP TO GET SOME FINER EDUCATION, AND YOU SHOW EM TH' GATE! NOW, I ASK YA, IS THAT DEMOCRATIC?



DETECTIVES? WELL IN THAT CASE I--ER-- WE ARE GLAD TO HAVE YOU!



FUNNY HOW HE TOOK US IN WHEN HE LEARNED WE WERE DICKS!

FORGET IT! WE'RE COLLEGE BOYS AT LAST!--YIPPEE!!



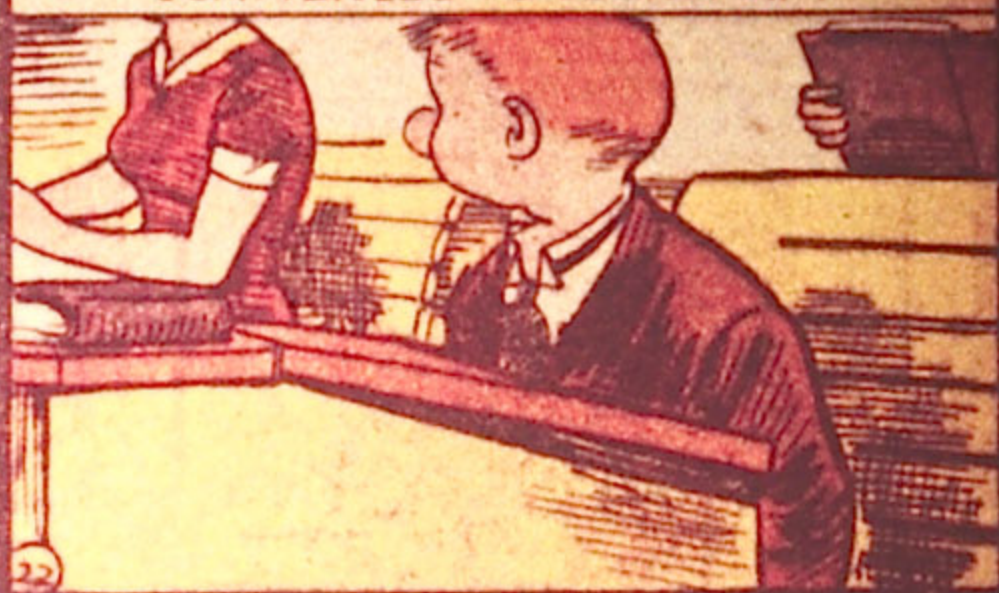
IN THEIR FIRST CLASSROOM----

BOY, AM I LUCKY SITTIN'
NEXT TO A PRETTY GIRL.
OBOY!



21

UNSEEN BY SHORTY, HIS DESK-TOP
COMMENCES TO SLOWLY LIFT----



22

UT SLITHERS--- A RATTLE SNAKE!

H-H-H HALP!!



23

DISREGARDING PERSONAL DANGER, SLAM
SEIZES A WASTE-PAPER BASKET AND
PLACES IT OVER THE DEADLY REPTILE,
IMPRISONING IT!

BE CALM, SHORTY!!
THERE'S NOTHIN'
T'BE AFRAID OF!

WHO'S AFRAID?
I'M ONLY
SCARED STIFF!



24

CONGRATULATIONS, YOUNG
MAN! THAT WAS THE GREATEST
EXHIBITION OF COOL NERVES
I'VE EVER SEEN!

SKIP IT! WHAT I
WANTA KNOW IS, HOW
DID THAT SNAKE GET
INTO SHORTY'S DESK?



25

THAT'S A MYSTERY WE MAY
NEVER SOLVE-- PERHAPS
IT ESCAPED FROM THE LAB
AND TOOK REFUGE
IN THE DESK.

OR WAS PUT
THERE---- BY
SOME HAZING
SMART-ALECK!



26

OH, SLAM, YOU WERE
WONDERFUL!

I SAW
HIM FIRST!

SUCH
COURAGE!

SUCH
LOOKS!



27

A SNAKE CRAWLS OUTTA MY DESK
AN' SLAM GETS ALL TH' ATTENTION!
BAH! THAT'S TH' WAY IT ALWAYS IS! WHAT'S
THE USE OF MY BEING HANDSOME
IF NO ONE NOTICES IT?



28

SECOND CLASS ---- CHEMISTRY---

NOW IF YOU'LL JUST PUT TOGETHER THE CHEMICAL INGREDIENTS I'VE MENTIONED YOU'LL WITNESS AN ELEMENTAL CHEMICAL RE-ACTION.



-- THAT HE FAILS TO NOTE A HAND REACH THRU THE LAB WINDOW AND SUBSTITUTE ONE CHEMICAL FOR ANOTHER!



IDIOT! WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW DIRECTIONS? ANOTHER INSTANT AND YOU'D HAVE BLOWN UP THE ENTIRE ROOM!

I'D HAVE...
HOLY SMOKE!!



AS USUAL, THE LOVE-BUG HAS SHORTY! SO ENGROSSED IS HE IN A PRETTY NEIGHBOR--

M-MM! HAS THAT BABE GOT LOOKS!
WOW!



STOP! STOP! YOU FOOL!

HUH? SAY, WOTSA IDEA?



JUMPIN' JUPITER! LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN MY BOOKS!

LET'S SEE IT!



**GET OUT
--OR
DIE!!**



DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! IT'S JUST SOMEONE'S IDEA OF A JOKE!

JOKE, EH? FUNNY, I CAN'T LAUGH!



LUNCH-TIME ---

BOY, AM I
HUNGRY!

ARE
YOU?



WHY DON'T
YOU EAT?

GOT NO APPETITE! I
CAN'T FORGET THAT NOTE!
BESIDES, WHO KNOWS?
MAYBE THE FOOD IS
POISONED!



THE FOOD POISONED? HO!
HO! THAT'S RICH! MIND IF
I TAKE SOME OF YOUR
BACON?



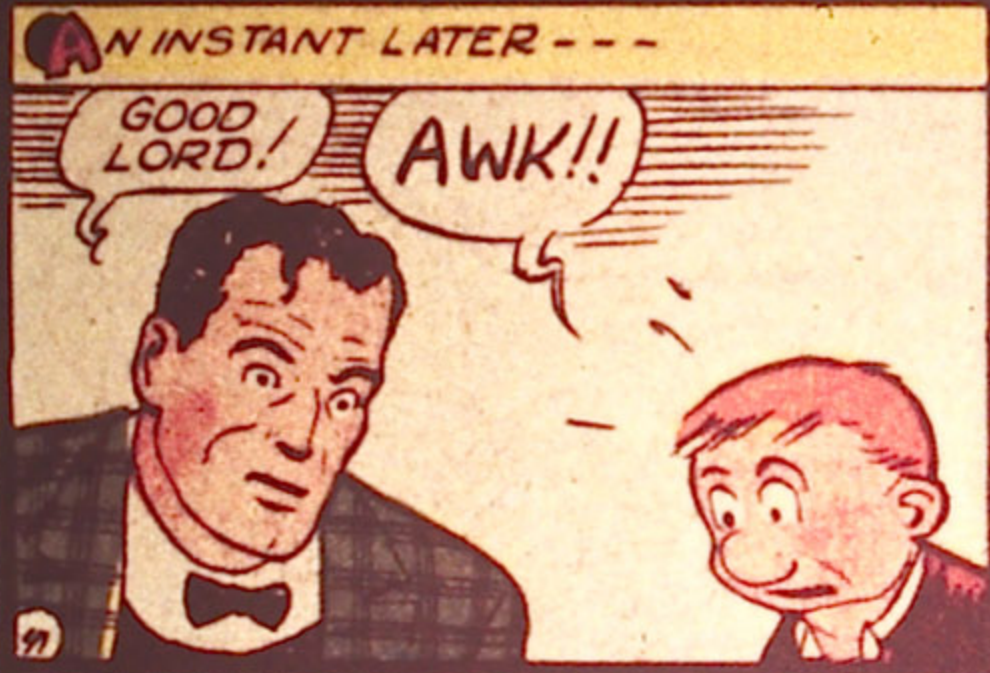
I'LL PROVE YOU'VE
NOTHIN' TO FEAR.--
HELP YOURSELF,
KITTY!



A N INSTANT LATER ---

GOOD
LORD!

AWK!!



DEAD!



HELP! I'M
POISONED!

MAKE WAY
FOR A DYING
MAN!



YOU'RE
PERFECTLY
ALL RIGHT!

WHEW! WHAT A
RELIEF! I GUESS
SHORTY, AND NOT
ME, IS THE ONE
IN DANGER.

GEE, THAT
IS SWELL--
OR IS
IT?



WELL, DO YOU BELIEVE ME NOW, WHEN I SAY WE'RE IN DANGER?

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT BUT WHO WOULD HAVE IT IN FOR US AND WHY?



SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN? THE REGISTRAR WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU AT ONCE!

THANKS.



NOW WHAT'S UP?

REMEMBER HOW STARTLED THE REGISTRAR WAS TO LEARN WE WERE DETECTIVES? I WONDER---



GENTLEMEN, PERHAPS YOU'VE WONDERED WHY I PERMITTED YOU TO ENTER THE UNIVERSITY. WELL, THERE WAS A REASON I KEPT FROM YOU.

JUST AS WE SUSPECTED! - SHOOT



THERE IS A HOMICIDAL MANIAC HERE!

OH OH! - G'BYE! I'M LEAVIN' TOWN!

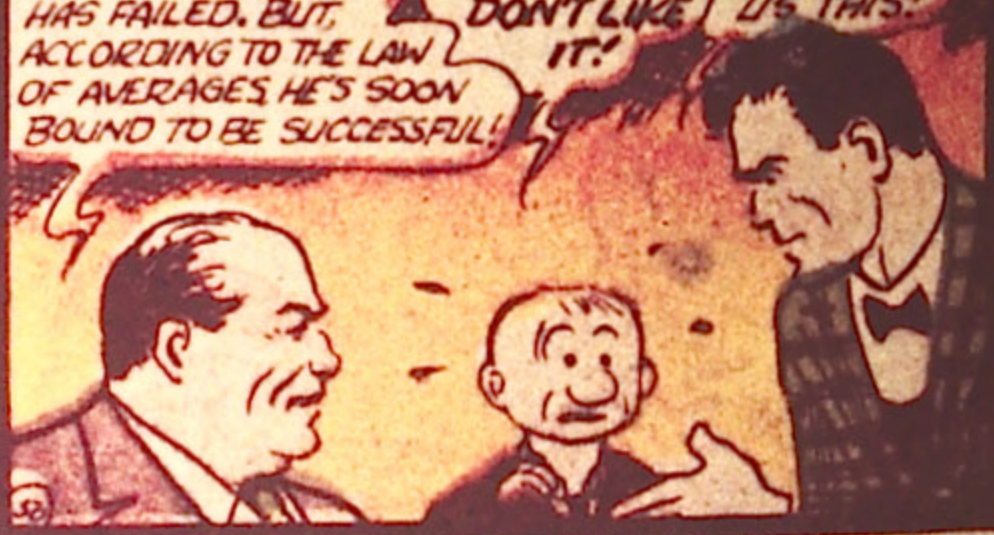
WAIT, SHORTY!



THERE HAVE BEEN ATTEMPTED MURDERS, THUS FAR THE KILLER HAS FAILED. BUT, ACCORDING TO THE LAW OF AVERAGES HE'S SOON BOUND TO BE SUCCESSFUL!

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE, SLAM! - I DON'T LIKE IT!

AND WHY ARE YOU TELLING US THIS?



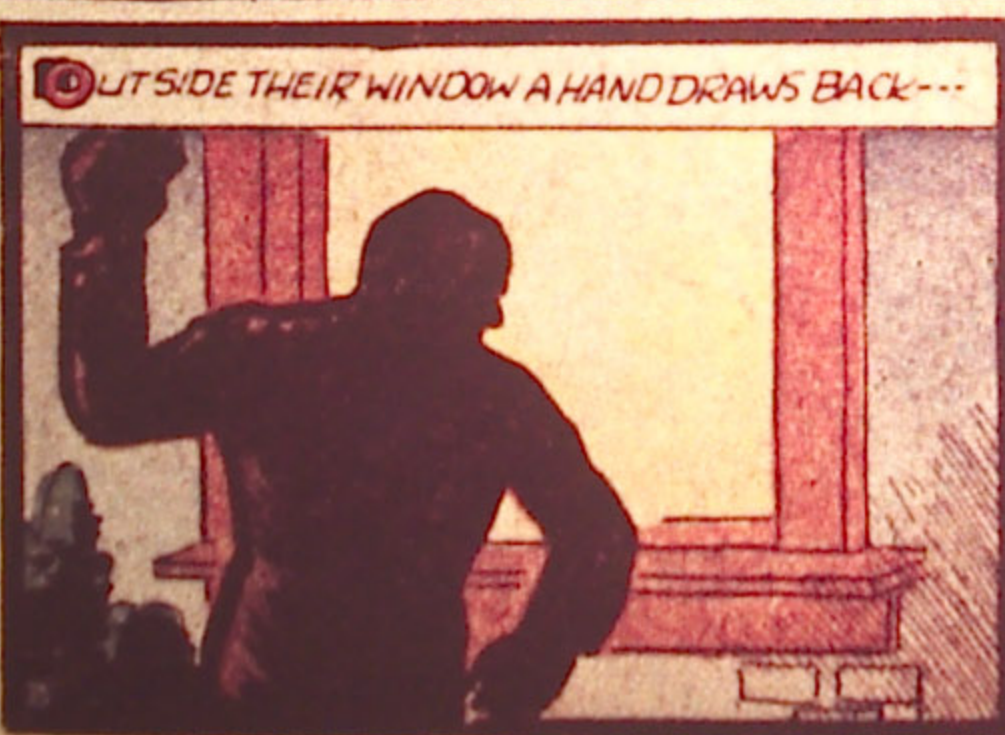
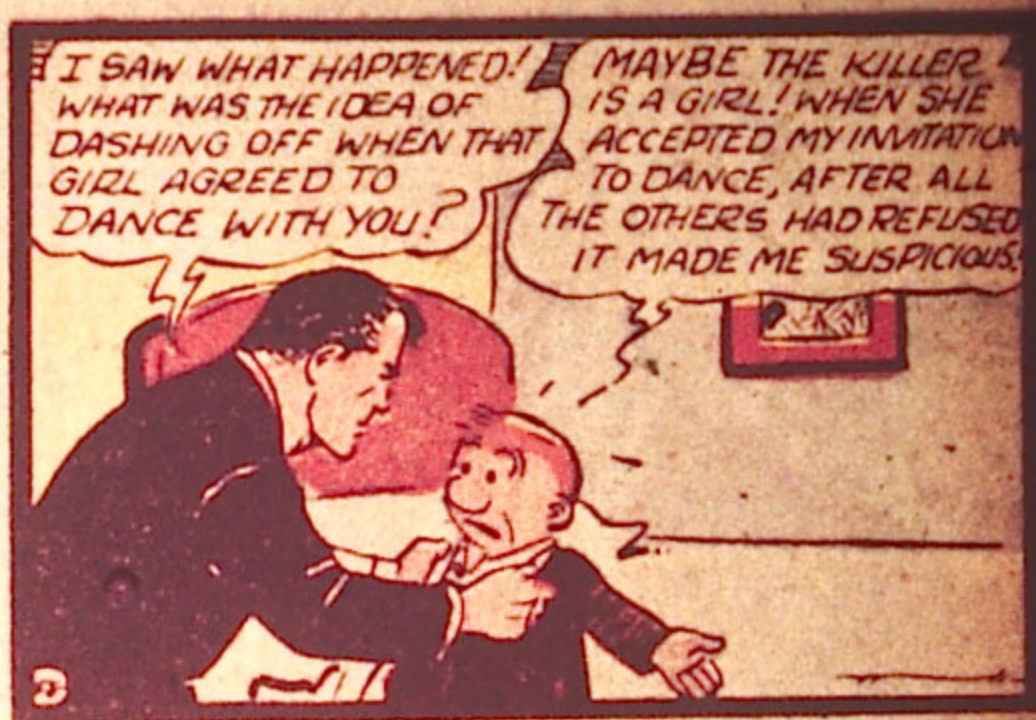
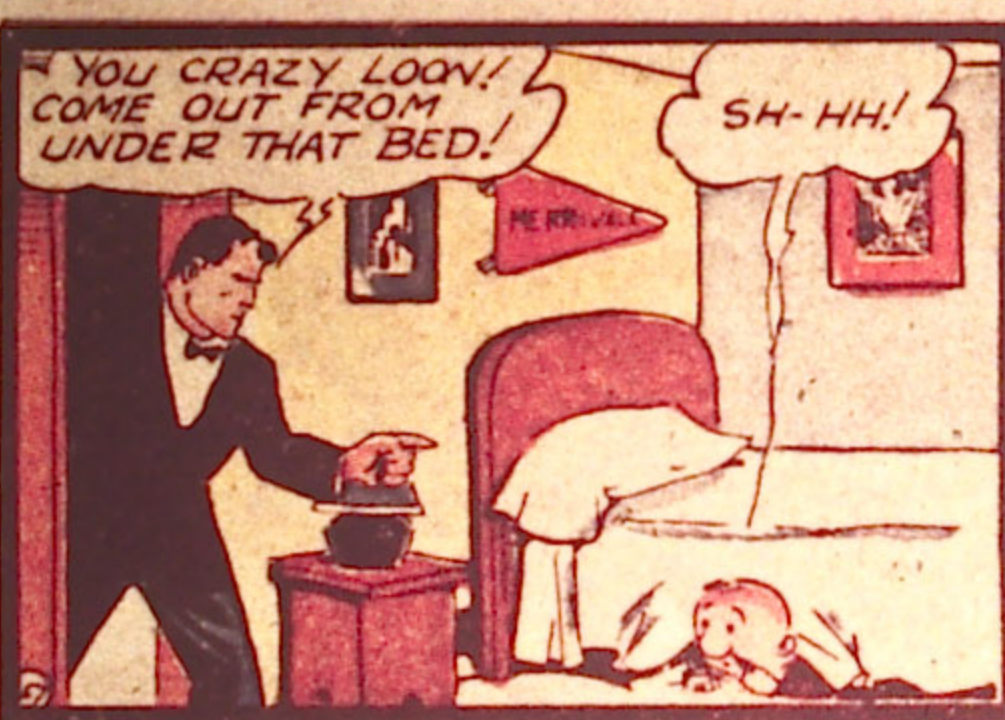
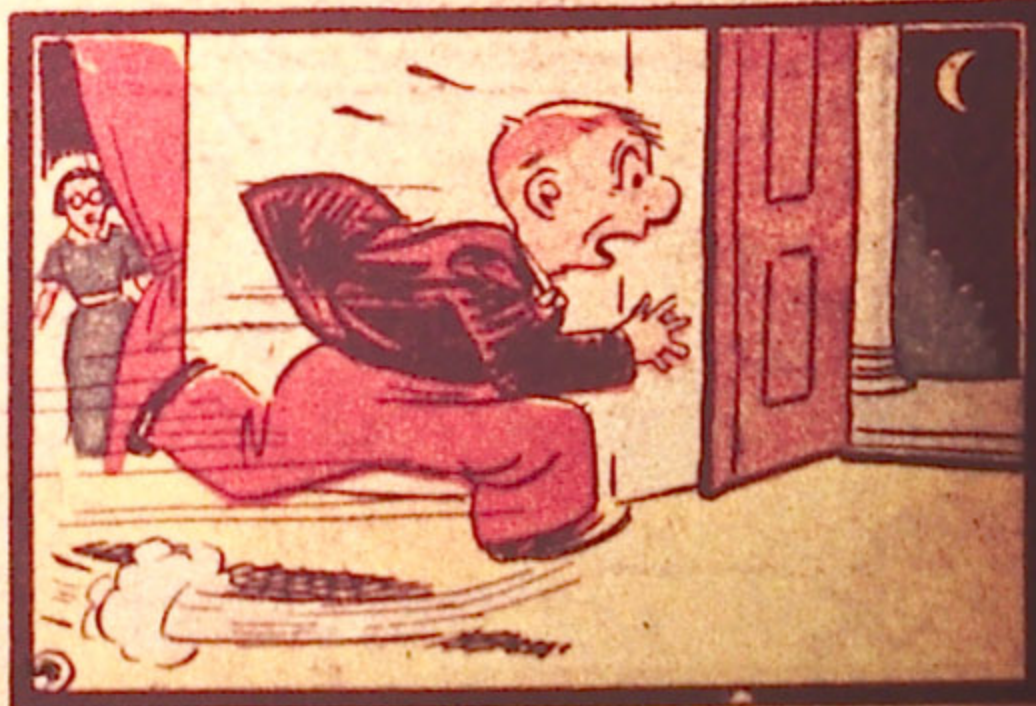
BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO TRACK THE MADMAN DOWN, THO IT WILL BE VERY DANGEROUS! DO YOU AGREE TO?

DONE!



DONE, IS RIGHT! - THAT'S WHAT WE'LL BE WHEN THE KILLER FINISHES WITH US!

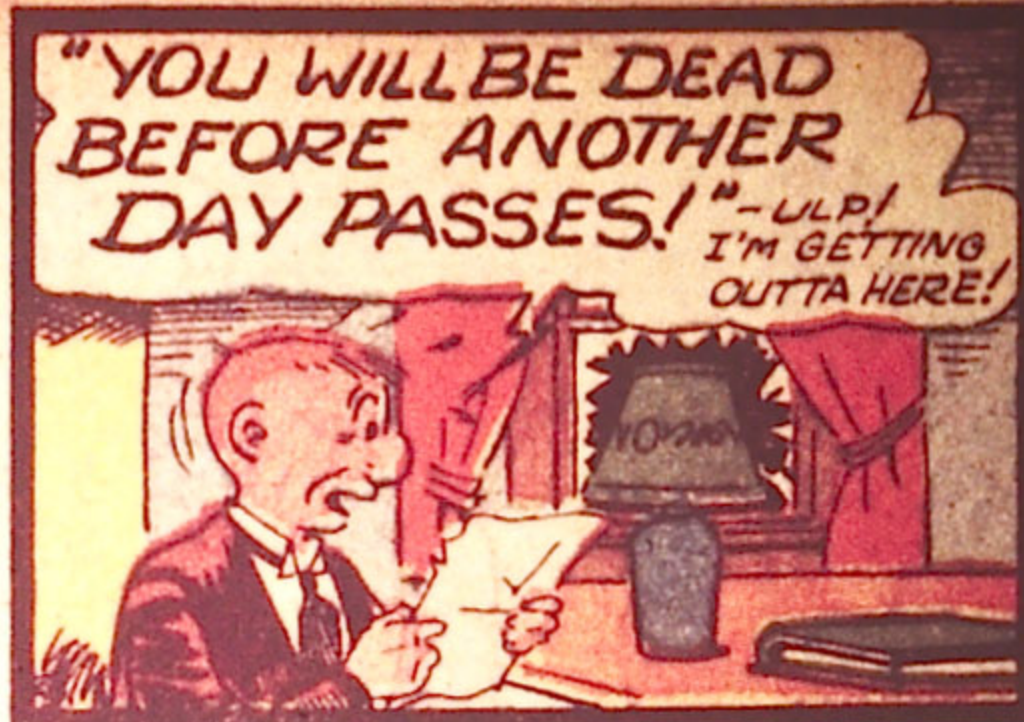






HEY! WHAT ABOUT TH' NOTE?

YOU READ IT! - I'M GONNA GET TH' GUY WHO THREW IT!



"YOU WILL BE DEAD BEFORE ANOTHER DAY PASSES!" - ULP! I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE!

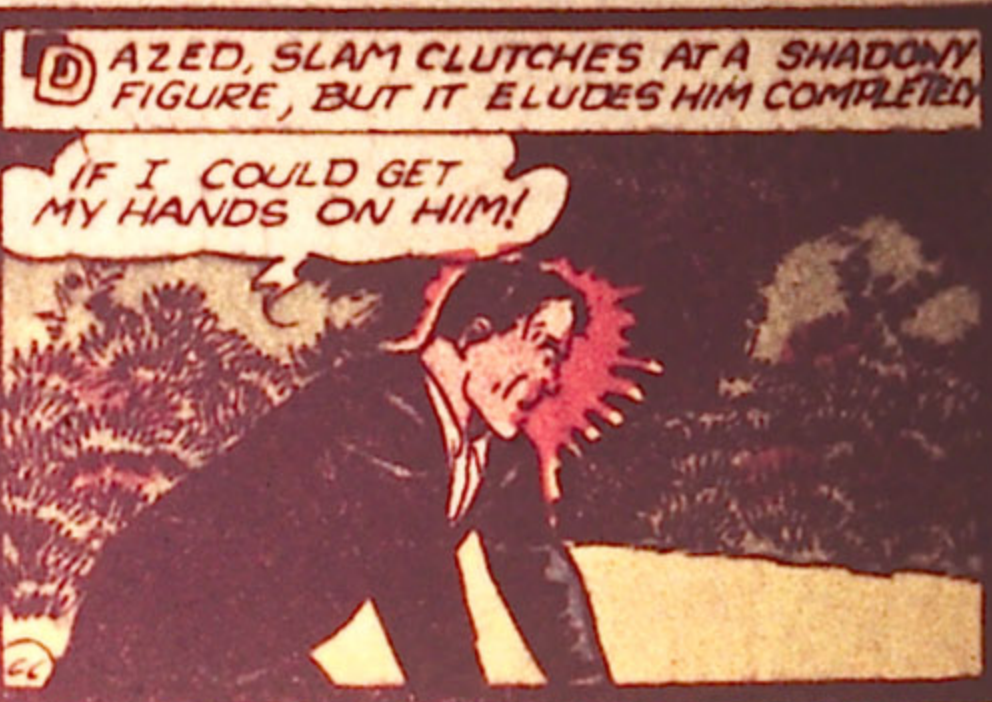


MEANWHILE----

THERE HE GOES! - BEHIND THOSE BUSHES!



WHERE IN HECK DID HE DISAPPEAR?



Dazed, SLAM CLUTCHES AT A SHADONY FIGURE, BUT IT ELUDES HIM COMPLETELY

IF I COULD GET MY HANDS ON HIM!



WHEN HE RETURNS TO HIS ROOM----

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU UP TO?

I'M DACK IN'--- AN' GETTIN' OUTTA HERE AS FAST AS MY FEET, WILL CARRY ME!

SHORTY! YOU WOULDN'T
RUN OUT ON A PAL!

I HATE T'DO IT,
SLAM, BUT GOSH,
THIS UNKNOWN
KILLER HAS ME
LICKED!



I S'POSE YOU KNOW THAT IF
YOU LEAVE ME NOW, WHEN I
NEED YOU MOST, THAT I'LL
NEVER WANT TO SEE
YOU AGAIN.

YEAH, I KNOW!
- I GUESS I'M
YELLA CLEAR
THRU!



THERE HE GOES! SHORTY MORGAN,
TH' GUY I THOUGHT WOULD STICK
TO ME THRU THICK AND THIN!
WELL ---- THAT'S LIFE, I GUESS!



WHATS TH MATTER, BUD?
Y'LOOK LIKE YOU'VE
JUST LOST YOUR BEST
FRIEND!

I DID. - TO
THE UNIVERSITY,
PLEASE.



SWELL VIEW FROM
THIS ROAD! GOSH!
THAT'S A PRETTY
STEEP DROP!

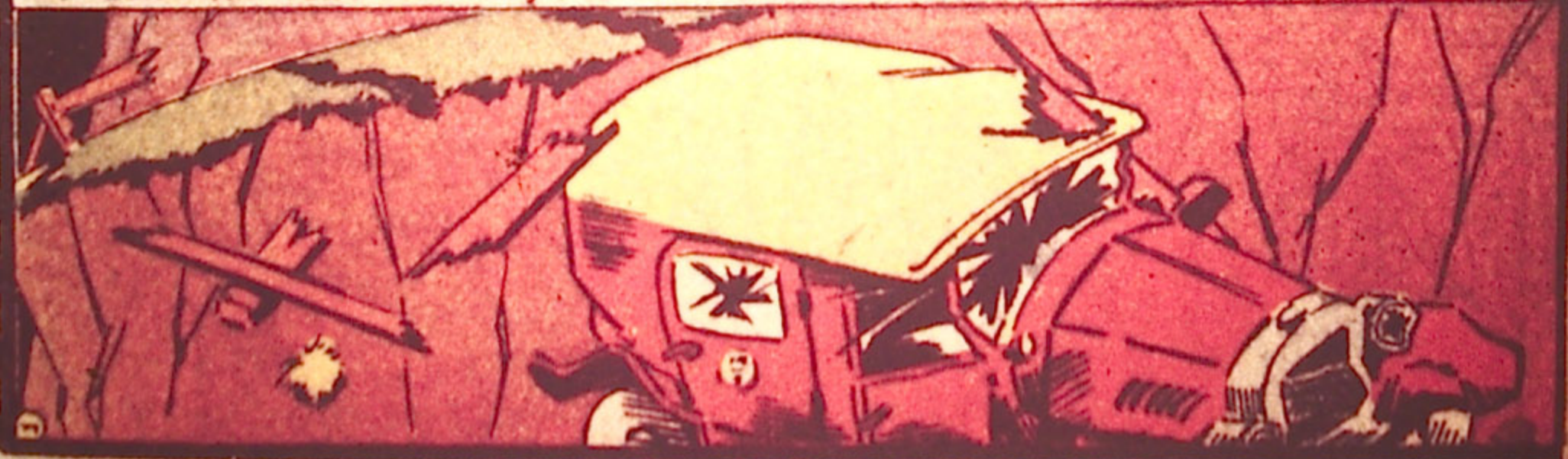


FROM BEHIND, A TRAILING CAR DARTS
IN WITH A SUDDEN SPURT OF SPEED.

DRIVER! LOOK OUT!
- HE'S TRYIN' TO FORCE
US OVER THE EDGE!



LAM'S WARNING COMES TOO LATE! OVER THE SIDE OF THE PRECIPITOUS
CLIFF HURTTLES THE TAXI, AND COMMENCES ITS TERRIBLE HUNDRED FOOT FALL!



ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

GOOD THING WE JUMPED
TO THE ROAD IN TIME!
ANOTHER INSTANT AND
WE'D HAVE GONE OVER
WITH THE CAR!



THAT WAS A
DELIBERATE
ATTEMPT AT
MURDER!

GOOD THING MY
OLD JALOPPY
WAS INSURED.



LATER---- WHEN SLAM FINALLY REACHES
HIS APARTMENT, HE PAUSES OUTSIDE HIS
DOOR----

WHAT TH---! SOUNDS
LIKE THERE'S SOMEONE
IN MY ROOM!



"THE KILLER" HERE'S
WHERE I EVEN
THINGS UP!



GOT YOU,
YA BLASTED
CUR!



LET GO!

IT'S----TH' REGISTRAR.
SAY! WHAT IN TARNATION
ARE Y'DOIN' IN MY ROOM AT
THIS TIME O' NIGHT?

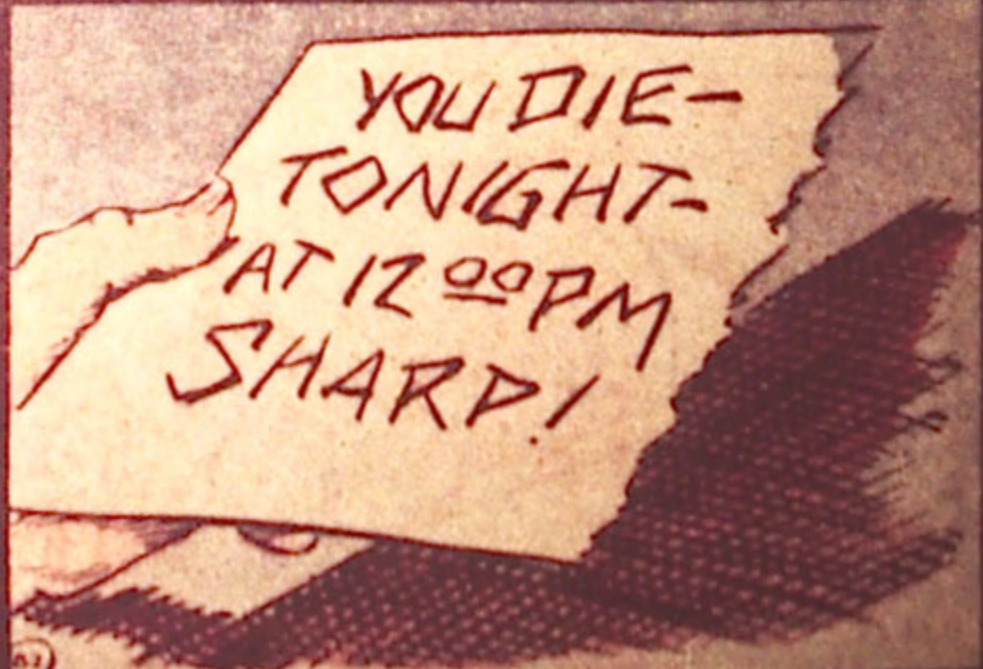


I CAME SEEKING
PROTECTION. "THE
KILLER" HAS SENT
ME A MENACING
NOTE!

HAND IT
OVER!



YOU DIE-
TONIGHT-
AT 12 00 PM
SHARP!



WHEN THE REGISTRAR'S HOME IS REACHED.

JUST MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE. NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO YOU WITH ME AROUND!

I-I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!

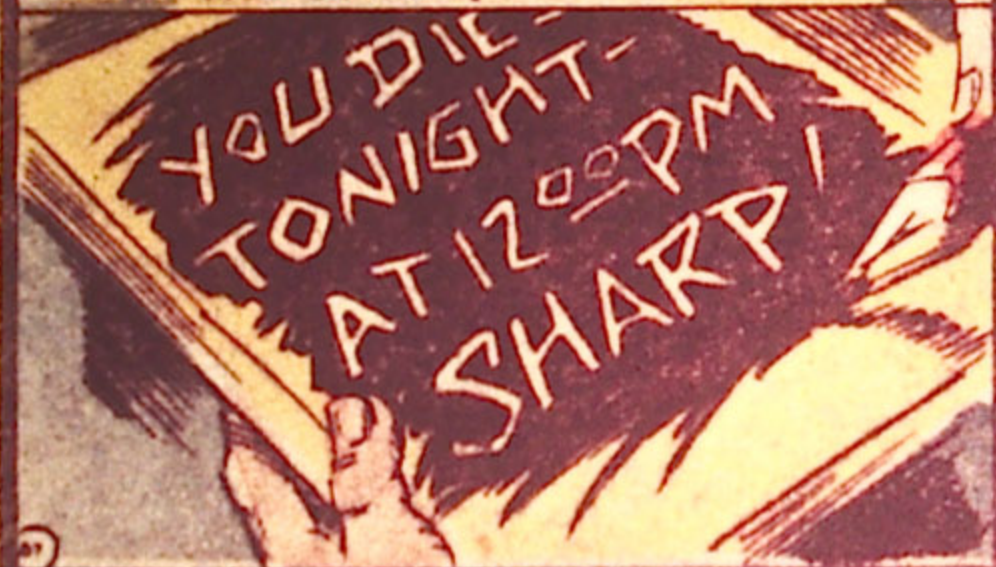


TWO MINUTES TO TWELVE! - FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! DON'T JUST SIT THERE!

CALM DOWN! BEING NERVOUS WON'T HELP!

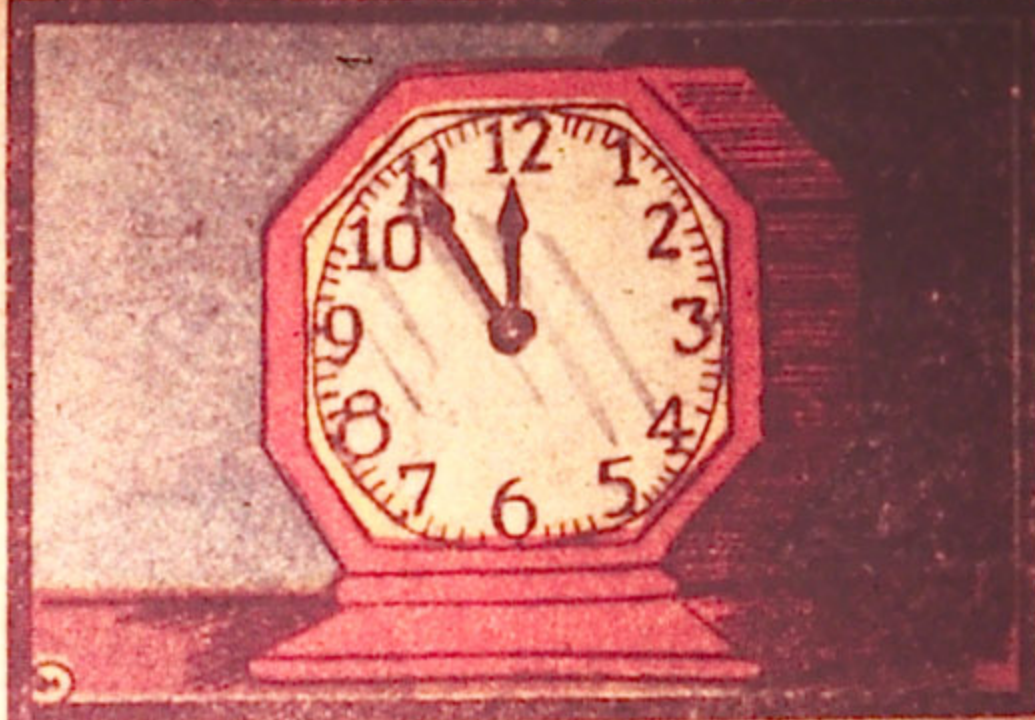


BEFORE HIS EYES WORDS MATERIALIZE ON THE SHEET!



SUDDENLY, SLAM REALIZES THE REGISTRAR HAD WRITTEN THE NOTES, HIMSELF!

GOOD LORD! I'M ALONE WITH A MANIACAL KILLER!



BUT SLAM HAS THE JITTERS HIMSELF! NERVOUSLY HE SNATCHES UP A PENCIL AND BLACKENS A PAD OF PAPER LAYING NEARBY.

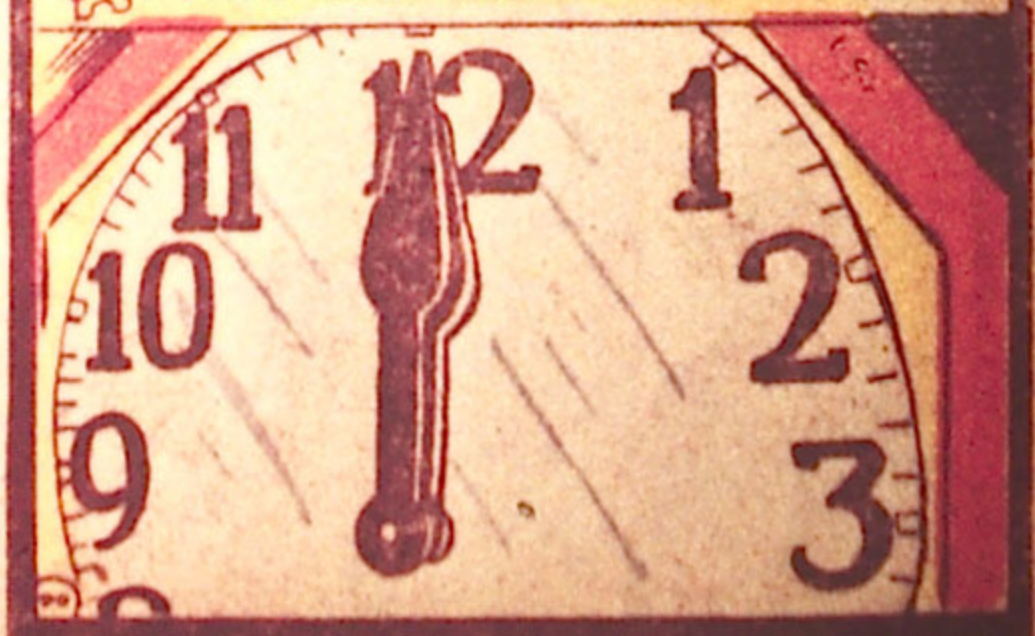
ONE-MORE-MINUTE!



I'VE BROUGHT TO LIGHT PENCIL IMPRESSIONS MADE FROM THE SHEET WHICH HAD BEEN ON TOP! THIS PAD IS IN THE REGISTRAR'S ROOM, AND SO---



AT THAT INSTANT----



TWELVE O'CLOCK! - HA! HA! HA!
RAISE YOUR HANDS!

YOU--
"THE
KILLER"
BUT WHY--?



THOUGHT YOU'D FOOL ME, EH? THOUGHT
I'D FALL FOR THAT STORY THAT YOU AND
YOUR PARTNER ENROLLED JUST TO STUDY.
SHORTY MAY HAVE ESCAPED ME,
BUT YOU WON'T!



SO THE COLLEGE BOARD
SUSPECTED MY
MISAPPROPRIATION
OF FUNDS! YOU'LL
NEVER LIVE TO
REPORT YOUR
FINDINGS TO THEM!

YOU SAP! WE
HAD NO IDEA YOU
WERE A CROOK!
YOUR GUILTY
CONSCIENCE, ALONE
BETRAYED YOU!



WHAT EVER THE TRUTH,
YOU NOW KNOW TOO
MUCH TO LIVE!

OW! -
MY ARM!



THRU THE WINDOW, ONTO THE REGISTRAR'S
BACK, SPRINGS A BUNDLE OF ENERGY--

NAUGHTY,
NAUGHTY!

SHORTY!



SLAM STRIKES OUT WITH HIS UNINJURED ARM

MIND IF I
ADMINISTER AN
ANESTHETIC?



GOOD OL' SHORTY!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE
MILES AWAY ON
THE TRAIN!

I SLIPPED OFF TH'
TRAIN WHEN YA WERENT
LOOKIN'. WAS JUST A
TRICK TO FOOL TH'
REGISTRAR, WHO I
SUSPECTED!



NEXT DAY----

SO-LONG, MERRIVALE!
TOO BAD TH' COLLEGE
BOARD DIDNT LET
US REMAIN AT SCHOOL
ANY LONGER.

THIS CHECK THEY
PRESENTED TO US
IN GRATITUDE WILL
HELP CHEER US UP!



The End

